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BE GENEROUS.

BY S. E.

O, be not the first to discover
A blot on the fame of a friend,
A flaw in the faith of another
Whose heart may prove true to the end.
A smile or a sigh may awaken
Suspicions most false and undue;
And thus our belief may be shaken
In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the light smile of gladness
Is worn by our friends that we meet
To cover a soul full of sadness,
To proud to acknowledge defeat!
How often the sigh of dejection
Is heaved by the hypocrite's breast,
To parody truth and affection,
Or lull a suspicion to rest!

How often the friends we hold dearest
Their noblest emotions conceal;
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they cannot reveal!
We none of us know one another,
And oft into error may fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WE understand that a marriage is arranged between Lord de Gretton of Gretton Castle and Miss Nora Bruce, daughter of Captain Duncan of Bruce, R. N."

"There, Nora!" Mrs. Bruce's handsome aquiline face flushed with triumph as she first read the all-important paragraph out for the edification of the breakfasting-party and then pushed the fashionable paper across to her step-daughter.

"All the country knows it now. My dear, dear child, you are a favorite of fortune indeed!"

Nora's first impulse was to push away the paper angrily; but she felt that her father's anxious eyes were on her, and, restraining the impulse, answered with tolerable composure—

"Fortune is fickle, Mrs. Bruce"—she never called her mother's successor "mother"—"she may withdraw her favors still."

Mrs. Bruce only nodded and her son, Vance Singleton, looked up with a half-angry smile from his coffee-cup.

"Do you think De Gretton will back out?" he inquired gracefully. "No fear of that, Nora!

"You are a pretty girl, and wiser in your generation than I thought you. Poor as he is I think he has made an excellent bargain."

Mrs. Bruce flashed an angry glance at the unabashed Vance.

Nora's pale perfect face shadowed a little and Christine Singleton shrugged her slender shoulders disdainfully.

"The first effect of your new dignity, Nora," she said, with her faint supercilious smile.

"When Vance begins to pay you compliments, you may feel that you are a great lady already."

Vance smiled, and nodded his black head quite untroubled by his sister's sneer.

"True for you, Nora.

"You have risen enormously in my estimation in the last few days; and, when Crissie proves a better angler than she has hitherto been, and brings even the smallest of fish safely to land, I promise her a compliment too."

Cristine's pale eyes flashed dangerously, and Mrs. Bruce hastened to interpose.

"How you children do squabble!" she said peevishly.

"One would think you took no pleasure in your sister's good fortune."

"You will hardly let her speak between you.

"Nora, my dear"—with sudden affectionate solicitude—"your coffee is quite cold. Ring for some more, Vance; the child has had no breakfast."

Nora smiled a little bitterly, and quite as scornfully as Cristine, whose angry glance she had intercepted.

For twelve years nothing in the house had been so little considered, had been so infinitesimally unimportant, as the comfort of Nora Bruce: but the comfort of the future Lady de Gretton was quite a different thing.

Had she been one shade less miserable than she was, she must have taken a cynical pleasure in watching her step-mother's transparent manœuvres, and must have extracted a malicious amusement from the hot coffee, the smoking cakes, the delicate confections, now pressed upon her with such tender care.

But, with a broken heart, a shadowed past, and a future from which one shrinks with sickening dread, it is hard to laugh even in bitterness and scorn.

"But that is not the only newspaper-notice Nora has won," drawled Crissie, as she looked up from the bread-and-butter she was cutting fantastically and eating not at all—for, in her new-born care for the bride-elect, Mrs. Bruce had for once ignored her own children.

"Did you chance to see the 'Universe' last night?"

Nora only shook her head indifferently; but Mrs. Bruce colored and bit her lip.

"What nonsense you talk, Christine!" she cried sharply, making a desperate effort to catch her daughter's studiously-averted eyes.

"Even if dear Nora's time were not so fully occupied as it needs must be, you know she never cared for society papers as you do."

"Never did care," corrected Cristine. "Tastes change—don't they, Nora? She will be a leader of society now."

"That she will" chimed in Mrs. Bruce proudly.

She seemed to loom larger and more imposing than ever in her smart morning-dress and cap of gorgeous color.

"Oh, Duncan, to think that our dear child should bring us such pride and joy! It is more than we ever could have hoped for—Heaven bless her!"

And murmuring the pious benediction, she buried her still fine eyes in a film of snowy cambric.

Vance Singleton grinned broadly as he gave vent to a mimic sob; Crissie drew her faintly-marked brows together, and glared into her coffee-cup.

Captain Bruce fidgeted uneasily under the pathetic appeal and looked across at his daughter.

"Nora is a good girl," he said a little nervously; and the trouble in his voice and in his eyes made the girl's heart ache, yet gave her at the same time the only grain of comfort she was then capable of receiving. She could at least, with Lord de Gretton's aid, make life a little easier to him.

So she smiled back cheerily, glad to see the worn face brighten at that smile, swallowed a mouthful of coffee, and turned to Cristine with the careless question—

"And what did the 'Universe' find to say of me?"

"Nothing that you need mind," broke in Mrs. Bruce hastily, with a threatening glance at her rebellious child.

"Nothing that I shall mind; be sure of that," she answered, with forced boldness, and a cool stare into Crissie's pale gleaming eyes.

"I think I can guess the style that Cristine most delights in."

"Of course you can," that young lady agreed sedately—"the usual delicate badinage anent 'May and December'—'Our new heraldry is hands, not hearts;' you know the sort of thing—awfully amusing, but shocking style."

"Would not you like to be so pilloried, Cris?"

Vance rose and stretched himself as he put the malicious question; and then, without pausing for an answer, he turned to his step father and said, "I am off to town today, sir.

"No chance of your company I suppose?"

He looked as though he rather dreaded than desired it; but Vance was always civil to the step-father to whom he owned so much, which was one reason why Nora kept a soft place in her heart for her rather graceless step-brother.

He seemed immensely relieved when the Captain answered, with a sort of nervous decision—

"Not to-day Vance; Lord de Gretton is coming over, and——"

"Oh, ah, so he is!"—with a quick grimace of disgust. "Well, so long as I don't take Nora with me, he will not grumble at my absence."

This was indisputably true, as Lord de Gretton had, in his cold and silent fashion, more than once displayed a stately disapproval of Vance Singleton's little ways.

"Shall you be away long, Vance?" asked his mother.

"Not more than two or three days," he answered carelessly; and, looking up, Nora was surprised to see that a vivid flush stained the smooth bronze skin.

Vance Singleton blushing.

Even in her self-absorbed misery she could hardly help smiling at such a phenomenon as that.

He caught the glance, interpreted its wonder and amusement aright, and bit his lip vexedly.

"Good-bye, Nora.

"I won't forget your wedding-present!" he cried, with a revengeful nod; and then, whistling a little out of tune to cover his confusion, he strolled off.

Nora was not long in following his example.

Her head and heart ached heavily, and she longed with a wild eager longing to be once more alone—alone with the knowledge that her fate was sealed, with the memory of her old sorrow, with her sore and aching heart.

Her hours of freedom were so few now, were diminishing with such cruel speed. In six weeks' time she would be Lord de Gretton's wife; and—then she must fling all her thoughts forward, must let her fancy play only with the future, and never dally with the dear, dead, dangerous past.

In six weeks' time it would be sin to open the big silver locket that had lain in her bosom so long, to gaze through blinding tears into the brave blue eyes, the frank handsome face that smiled back so kindly, to press her chilled lips to the irresponsive glass, and feel as though she touched the cold cheek of the dead—sin to dream night and day of the hot red sand in which her soldier boy had fallen—sin to remember that one golden summer day in which Arthur Beaupre told his love.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur, why did you die and leave me here?

"Life without you is too hard, too bitter!" she had cried in her rebellious pain, and, in the first bitterness of her grief, had prayed wildly and passionately that she too might die.

But the Angel of Death had been deaf to her prayers.

Does he ever come for our calling? Does he not rather love to follow those who shrink from and fly from him, and set the willing sacrifice aside?

A year, and half another, passed away, and found her not only living still, but with unfaded beauty and undiminished charm; for the man whose mere coming threw the small community into a nervous flutter had wooed her for his wife; and she was from that moment, in the estimation of her neighbors, the luckiest, happiest girl, not only in all Nettleton, but in all England too.

Happy?

Ah, well, they did not know!

Tears had not washed the faint roses from her smooth creamy skin, had not dimmed the brightness of the dark gray jet-fringed eyes bequeathed her by her Irish mother; pain had traced no wrinkles on the low smooth brow, nor planted one silver thread in the blue-black brightness of the soft rippling hair.

The tall slender form was still erect, instinct with supple healthful grace. Only her heart was dead.

She was so sure of this last fact that she grew to feel a certain pride and safety in the thought, to look with a certain superior scorn upon the world that could hardly hurt her more.

With all the hopes and dreams of youth buried in Arthur Beaupre's grave, she was, at one-and-twenty, as safe from fierce pain as desolate hope.

It was not a good or healthy frame of mind, but it was that in which Lord de Gretton found her, which rendered her pliant as wax to her father's wish, her step-mother's imperious will.

"It will save your father's life, child," Mrs. Bruce said, her shrill voice quivering with nervous excitement, her sharp handsome face all aglow.

"Oh, Nora"—there was real pathos in the look she cast across the shabby room at her husband, with his gray head bent above the rickety old writing-table, the morning sunlight streaming through the high narrow window finding out every line in his poor thread-bare coat—"remember what a life it has been for the last twelve years for us all!

"Don't my dear sweet girl that I have loved liked my own child—don't forget what lies in your power now—don't condemn us to such an existence for ever!"

Nora did remember distinctly enough what those twelve years—the years of her step-mother's married life—had been grinding poverty and much pretentious show, years in which she had suffered much more actual hardship than either Mrs. Bruce or her daughter—for Cristine Singleton had been persistently put forward at her step-sister's expense—but years that now seemed, in the retrospect, peaceful and happy enough.

"Nothing lasts for ever!" the girl cried, with a hard bitter laugh.

"I thought papa and I were to live alone for ever, Mrs. Bruce; then you came and all that life ended."

At any other time the retort would have cost her dear, and, as it was, the step-mother's lips quivered; but she forced a smile and answered suavely—

"As this will end now, you pretty saucy puss—with a marriage!

"You did not like my coming, Nora; you were a passionate child even then, and you set yourself against me from the first. But your dear father would have married some one, Nora—he is a man that must be looked after—and as well me as another."

Nora laughed in spite of herself; there was something so supremely absurd to the thought of the imperious woman who had long ridden rough-shod over Nora Bruce laboriously explaining her twelve-year-old marriage to the possible Lady de Gretton of the future.

The laugh appeared to cheer the older

woman immensely; she threw one arm around the girl's shoulders and would have kissed her, but she slipped deftly aside.

"You look so pretty when you laugh, child.

"Those teeth of yours are like little pearls against your pretty red lips.

"Ah, if my Crissie had only your attractions!"

She paused and sighed profoundly, as though Christine's future were really too gloomy for contemplation.

Nora checked her with irrepressible scorn.

Nothing about her seemed meaner than this desertion of her daughter.

"How your opinions change, Mrs. Bruce! It is not so very long since you held up Crissie as a model I might vainly emulate, and bewildered me with the long list of her graces and perfections.

"Mind, I am not grumbling at that," she added hastily, as the other was about to interpose—"that was natural enough; she was your own child—I your husband's only."

"But dear to me as my own Nora. You cannot deny that I have been a good mother and a good wife."

Nora shrugged her shoulders; she felt inexpressibly weary of the whole discussion, of the woman's pertinacity, of her own confused thoughts.

"I do not complain," she said.

"As you say, my father would have married some one, and it might have been worse."

It was a grudging admission at best, though it cost no small effort to make; but from Lord de Gretton's chosen one it was more than enough; the step-mother was affected almost to tears.

"Thank you, Nora dear," she said, with a grateful whimper.

"I know that sooner or later you would do me justice, would see that we always acted for your good—your father and I."

"We were not talking of my father," the other interrupted, with jealous haste; "that is quite another thing."

"But it is your father I must speak of, Nora—your poor father, whose future comfort depends on you.

"Lord de Gretton could and would do so much to make him happy and set his mind at ease; he said as much last night."

Nora did not answer.

Mrs. Bruce suspected her of not listening though in truth every word she spoke sank straight to the very bottom of her sore heart.

It was all true.

The man's life had been hard and cheerless.

Much work and little pay had dimmed the bright eyes and broken the brave spirit with which young Duncan Bruce had set forth upon his life-voyage.

His lot had been the lot of many another man who, unbacked by influential friends or powerful interest, essays to make his way in a jealously-guarded profession.

Young and luckier men had passed him in the race of life.

Gates at which his patient merit had battered in vain had opened in his sight to golden keys.

No wonder that in his early retirement he felt dazed and at odds with all the world.

"Remember, this is the first piece of good fortune that has ever come in his way, child. For his sake you will not refuse it."

Mrs. Bruce was a clever woman in her way.

She saw the girl's softened look, and struck while the iron was hot.

Nora walked straight across the room to the table at which her father sat, forlorn and haggard-looking in the brilliant morning sunshine, a desperate purpose swelling in her heart and urging her on to feverish action.

She could make him happy with a word; why should she not speak it?

It could not injure Arthur now; and for her what did it matter?

"Papa, look at me, please," she said quite coolly and firmly.

"Do you wish me to marry Lord de Gretton?"

He raised his eyes at the appeal, then dropped them quickly on the paper, and said in a low tone—

"You must choose for yourself child. Lord de Gretton has done you a great honor.

"He has much to offer."

"To offer you, papa?"

His thin face flushed; but he answered promptly—

"Yes.

"He can give me what I have not known for years—freedom from debt, peace of mind—a little rest before I die."

He pushed back his scanty gray hair with such a tired gesture, but looked at her with such a trustful smile, that she hesitated no longer.

"That is enough, papa," she said bending down to kiss him.

"When Lord de Gretton asks me, I will say 'Yes.'"

"Heaven bless you, Nora!" broke in Mrs Bruce, with an effusive gasp.

Her father said nothing; but, as the girl clung to him with sudden passion, she heard him draw a long breath of relief.

* * * * * *

Vaguely and dreamily the girl pondered on her past, and nerved herself to face the future that stretched so blank and bare before her.

"I can bear it," she cried, with a sort of bitter pathos—"oh, yes, I can bear it, for my heart is dead!

"But will it be long?

"I think not—I hope not!

"My mother died at three-and-twenty, and she left love and hope behind; I shall go to mine."

She nursed her moody thoughts until Christine Singleton, in an elaborate afternoon costume, came toiling up the steep hill to where she was sitting to remind her that Lord de Gretton was expected.

"And you will be so fit to receive him!" she added, surveying the pale girl with much disfavor.

"I wonder you care to dream away your days in this wood; it must remind you so of Arthur Beaupre."

The cruel thrust went home. The great gray eyes dilated: and, with a face as white as death, the girl hurried down to meet her future lord.

CHAPTER II.

"IT will be for her good, I believe," said Captain Bruce a little irresolutely.

"It will be for the good of us all, I know," answered Mrs. Bruce, with no shadow of doubt in her brisk crisp tones.

"De Gretton is a gentleman, though so much unsuited to her perhaps in many ways," went on the Captain, with nervous incoherence.

"Lord de Gretton is liberality itself, and, as for age, what does that matter? She has lived out her romance with young Beaupre and is the most fortunate girl in the world to have so splendidly solid a reality to fall back upon."

"Ah, yes!

"Poor Arthur if he had only been living——"

"Luckily for us, he is not," Mrs. Bruce interrupted fervently; "otherwise the way would have been blocked indeed.

It would have been heart-breaking, maddening, to see such a marvellous piece of good fortune come in the way of an untrained girl like Nora and run the risk of being rejected.

"No, no"—shaking her black head with a sort of easy and cheerful resignation—"I was very shocked when I heard of the poor young fellow's death; but now I can see it was all for the best."

Duncan Bruce thrust his hands into his pockets, jingled savagely the keys therein, and relieved his feeling with an impatient sigh.

His wife's mock piety jarred upon his finer taste; but he did not attempt to contradict her.

On this occasion, for a wonder, the married pair were really not at odds.

In his inmost heart Captain Bruce was quite as anxious for the marriage as his wife, though he shrank from expressing his wish with her out-spoken frankness.

He had a conscience, and it pricked him painfully when he saw the betrothed pair side by side and read the child repugnance on Nora's pale beautiful face.

But the pricks were only sharp enough to make himself uneasy and unhappy—they did not stir him to save the girl.

"After all," he would argue plausibly enough, "putting us out of the question, such a marriage is the best thing possible for her.

"She has loved once—she is her mother's own child, Heaven bless her!—and that once will mean for ever; and, left to herself she would make all the rest of her life a dream of sorrow.

"My beautiful Nora a poor and sorrowful old maid?

"No, no!

"De Gretton will give her loveliness a golden setting; she will have sense to see that, if the new life will give her no ecstatic happiness, it will bring at least enjoyment and content."

So the man who really loved his motherless child in his own faint half-hearted fashion swallowed the glittering bait that dangled so temptingly before him, and not only deserted her in the hour of peril, but pushed her forward to her doom.

Perhaps it was hardly strange that, in presence of such strong temptation, Duncan Bruce should prove himself thus weak.

Life had never been over-bright to him since Nora's mother died, and it seemed at its very darkest when fate brought Lord de Gretton to Nettleton to cross the path of Nora Bruce.

It is not easy at the best of times for a man with a small income and an extravagant family to keep his head 'above water;' and when times are bad the inevitable submergence seems ever at hand.

Mrs. Bruce was an active, energetic woman, a thrifty housekeeper, and a manager of notable talent: but, as she herself said, poor as the Bruces were, they were the principal people in Nettleton, and that consideration demanded some expenditure in dress.

This, translated, meant that Mrs. Bruce had a daughter to marry, and that Nettleton adjoined a Calvary depot, in which she hoped to find a happy hunting-ground for Nora and Christine.

The step-sisters were hardly likely to prove rivals, she thought, as she surveyed them with a critical appreciation of their widely differing charms.

Nora was decidedly the handsomer now: but hers was a beauty that was long in ripening, and she was younger than Miss Singleton by fully four years: so that for a while the thin, dark, passionate-looking girl contrasted disadvantageously with her light-haired, light-eyed, lily-skinned step-sister.

But there were some who even in those early days discerned a rare and splendid promise in the gypsy-looking child, and prophesied a day in which Christine's chill regularity of outline would pass unnoticed in the glow of Nora's ripened beauty.

Among the first to make the discovery was Arthur Beaupre a blue-eyed handsome young Lieutenant of Hussars, who had been one of Miss Singleton's most favored partners, before gray-eyed Nora came upon the scene, when he transferred his attentions, with startling and unflattering rapidity, to her.

Cristine was not slow to note his defection; and she resented it, in her cold silent fashion, bitterly enough.

She never, even to her more than sympathetic mother, opened her lips upon the subject: but her crystal clear, pale blue eyes glittered with an angry fire as they followed the young and well-matched pair about the room, and in her inmost heart she registered a vow to be revenged, a vow that was kept consistently in the bitter days to come.

Arthur Beaupre was more than a pleasant partner, he an eligible *parti* as the prudent Cristine had been careful to inform herself before she accorded the full sunshine of her smile.

The eldest son of a rich merchant and landed proprietor, young, handsome, and a general favorite, he had been the mark of each manœuvring 'mamma,' and his marked devotion had been the proudest feather in Cristine's cap of conquest.

To lose him to any one would have been hard indeed, to lose him to Nora was unbearable.

She had never loved her step-sister overmuch.

She hated her from that moment with a fierce and virulent hatred that was not for one second softened, even exulted cruelly in her bitter and quickly-coming grief.

And yet even the hardest might have been melted by that brief tragedy of love and death.

Hardly had the pretty summer idyll been lived through, hardly had the young man told his love and won from the shy sweet girlish lips the faltering confession of hers, hardly had Captain Bruce's consent been asked and given to the marriage that would give to his brilliant child as fair a lot as he could have desired for her, when, like a thunderbolt out of a summer sky, there came upon the scene of tranquil happiness the news of the South African troubles, the sudden summons to the seat of war.

One day Nettleton gossiped at afternoon tea, on the croquet-lawn, and in the tennis-court over the news of Nora Bruce's engagement and the girl's astounding luck; next day the gossips had fresh food for conjecture, in the departure of the —th Hussars, and young Beaupre's chance of ever coming back to "the girl he left behind him."

By the lovers themselves the news was very differently received.

Arthur Beaupre was too deeply in love not to admit that the summons was at least inopportune, but too true and ardent a soldier to find it wholly unwelcome.

The excitement of the coming fray thrilled through his quick young blood and set his blue eyes aflame with a different fire from that which had brought a hot rich glow to Nora's cream-smooth cheek.

"You must not fret, darling; you are a soldier's wife, you know," he said, with proud and fond authority.

"We shall thrash these fellows sooner than they think, and then I shall come back for my reward."

He looked so gallant and bright, so full of high hope and courage, as he stood there in the morning sunshine, loath to speak the farewell word, and yet eager to depart that Nora could not bear to damp his spirits with the black shadow of her fear.

She gulped her sobs down with an heroic effort, and looked up with pale bravery into his face.

"Heaven keep you, Arthur, and send you back to me!"

"'Till death us do part.' Remember that Nora.

"Only death can come between us two now."

He quoted the words with a sweet mocking smile that dwelt wholly in the deep blue eyes and scarcely altered the grave firmness of the lips; but it died away as he went on, and left the mobile face entirely sad.

For him too the parting wrench was come.

They clung together for a few brief moments, the dark shadow of a cruel destiny hovering over them the while.

Then, with a sharply-indrawn breath that was all but a sob, Arthur Beaupre tore himself away, and Nora knew that she was alone.

The days that followed were filled with cruel wearing pain for the girl who had no excitement and no duty to buoy her spirits up, and whose overactive imagination tortured her with overpresent pictures of the perils her lover ran.

As the summer faded and passed away, as the autumn days grew brief and chill, and the first keen breath of winter blew over the land, the great gray eyes had an eager longing look that was infinitely pathetic, the bright color faded, the softly-rounded cheek grew thin and pale.

"Nora looks wretched," said Mrs. Bruce, making her pettish complaint to her silently observant child.

"Really we are the most unlucky family that ever lived!

"The dressmaker's bill has just come in: it will make your father more miserable and discontented than ever, and really is enough to turn every hair on my head gray.

"Yet see how our campaign has ended! You are altogether unprovided for!"

"I cannot ask men to marry me," Cristine said coldly; but the rebellious blood rose under her transparent skin and warned Mrs. Bruce to let that part of the subject rest.

"Well, well, I did not say you could child; I wish you would not interrupt so ridiculously.

"Nora was the person we were discussing; and I do say that it is rather hard the only result of all our trouble and expense should be an engagement that may come to nothing after all."

"Nora must take her chance with the rest of us," Cristine said coldly.

"Life cannot be all sunshine even for her."

All sunshine?

Even as she spoke the bitter jealousy-prompted words, ill news was flashing over land and sea, the news of an engagement in which our arms had suffered a defeat, in which our foes had been savagely cruel; and first on the long list of the dead stood the name of Arthur Beaupre.

Mrs. Bruce was selfish and unsympathetic but not inhuman.

Even she shed a few tears when she thought of the young life at its brightest, and of all the innocent hopes that must perish with it.

With a little hysteric cry she threw down the newspaper.

"Poor, poor Arthur, and poor Nora too! Who is to break the news to her? I cannot."

"I can," Cristine cried through her teeth; and, looking up, Mrs. Bruce saw that her daughter's face had grown deathly white and her eyes had a cruel steely glitter.

"Can you, Cris?" she asked doubtfully. "I am sure you are very good and brave. But how strange you look, child, almost——"

"Almost as though I cared," Cristine supplemented, with a reckless laugh. "Could I care for a man who threw me over and slighted me for—Nora?"

The last word was uttered in sheer surprise, for Nora stood within the doorway, whiter than her white dress, and with a dreadful look of frozen horror in her dark gray eyes.

"Arthur," she cried in a long agonized wail that seemed to wound her slender throat in passing, for she clasped it with such a strange pathetic gesture and her pallid lips moved so stiffly—"Arthur! What is it?"

Without a word Cristine Singleton placed the newspaper in her hand.

There was no mercy in the hard revengeful woman's thought, but the act itself was merciful.

To break the news in any tender feminine fashion would only have been to prolong Nora's agony.

To strike straight home was wisest and most kind.

There rang through the long room one wild-broken cry, the echo of which lingered uncomfortably for many months in Mrs. Bruce's ears, and then Nora Bruce fell to the ground face forward, like one stricken to the heart.

"You have killed her!" the step-mother cried, with mingled fear and anger; but Cristine only shrugged her shoulders with insolent contempt.

"Better for her perhaps if I had. She may live to wish that death had come in such a merciful fashion, and you may wish it for her too."

The words were spoken in the heat of passion, with only such meaning as passion gives.

Yet Cristine Singleton lived to feel that some spirit of malignant prophesy had descended upon her that day, and made her the mouthpiece of a cruel overshadowing fate.

For long weeks Nora Bruce lay between life and death, and those who watched her never knew which way the scale would turn.

But youth and strength conquered even the wish to die, and slowly but surely the "angel with the amaranthine wreath," withdrew.

But in withdrawing he left the strange dull apathy that made the girl a mere automaton in the hands of those around her.

Life held for Nora no possibility of happiness now.

She could only, she thought, be more or less wretched; and it was easier to yield and make her father happy than to dash his last hopes and live on in listless misery at home.

And so it chanced that Alberic Grant, Lord de Gretton, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, became the accepted husband of Nora Bruce, then barely twenty-one.

* * * * * * *

"My dear Nora," Mrs. Bruce cried, as Nora entered the room a little flushed with her walk, "Lord de Gretton has been here nearly an hour."

"Has he?

"I am very sorry, Lord de Gretton," the girl said, turning to him to speak; "but I took a book up to the woods, and did not notice how the time went."

He just touched her hand with his long slender fingers, murmured a few words in the cold clear voice that Mrs. Bruce called "truly aristocratic," but that always grated disagreeably on his betrothed's ear, and scanned her in a way that made her feel at once how warm, untidy, and unpresentable she was.

And indeed, in her tumbled holland dress, with various sun-scorched grasses and bits of tangled moss clinging to its far from spotless frillings, with her black hair dropping on her shoulders, and her face tanned with the sun, she did present a sufficiently strong contrast to her daintily-dressed step-sister and even to her cool calm lover.

She colored angrily at the thought, and glanced up with incipient defiance at the well-cut frozen-looking face.

Lord de Gretton had been a handsome man in his younger days, was a handsome

man still—so people said; and in a sense they were right, thought to his promised wife there was something curiously snake-like and repellent in his aspect.

A tall slender man, with a small well-shaped head crowned with hair which he was too wise to dye, high thin features aristocratically curved, rather small green-gray eyes, sunken a little but yet singularly quick and bright, a long gray moustache, long slender hands and feet, and teeth that as works of art were perfect—such was her future lord, the man she must pledge herself to love and honor and obey—the man whom already she secretly feared.

"You should not tire yourself, Nora," he said, with a sudden gentleness, at which Mrs. Bruce looked immensely relieved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What She Wrote.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

BEST OF FRIENDS,—

"How kind of you to write to me after I had neglected you so long!

"But if you could know how much pleasure I received from your loving letter, you would not regret having written it."

"I must tell you that I have been—indeed, am now—most unhappy.

"I fear my husband no longer loves me. He always speaks in the gentlest tone. I have a good home—in fact, every comfort that a woman requires.

"Yet I cannot help missing the loving caresses, the solicitous attention, which he once bestowed, and the anxiety which he evinced for my company during the beginning of our married life.

"Now his greatest desire seems to be to get away from me.

"In the evening he scarcely ever stays at home.

"He spends his time either with his old friend, Harry Graves, or he escorts one of my sisters, generally Edith, to some entertainment.

"He is always talking about Edith's beauty; and really I am becoming quite jealous of the dear girl, for George appears to care more for her than he does for me.

"Now don't imagine that I complain of these things to my husband.

"I suffer in silence and he little knows how my heart aches when I sit patiently watching him prepare for an evening's pleasure, in which Edith will join and not I. Of course he generally invites me to go, but I never feel in the humor of dressing. Besides, I think George prefers to have me remain at home, so that he can take my sister alone.

"Write to me soon, and tell me what to do. Shall I try to get a divorce?

"Your distressed

"CONNIE."

After perusing the above letter, I sat down and pondered over it for several hours ere answering.

I surmised what the trouble was, for I understood Connie's nature well.

Yet I hesitated about giving advice, lest I should make a mistake.

However, when I did write, I stated frankly my opinion. In a few days I received this:—

"DEAREST FRIEND,—

"Your kind letter came yesterday, and I was made happy for a brief moment.

"Your questions surprised me greatly, for such things as you ask can hardly be expected of a married woman.

"You say I am to blame for my husband's estrangement. I can't agree with you there.

"I have never spoken a cross word to him.

"Do I try, you ask, to look as well as possible, by arranging my hair in the most becoming fashion, and dressing as tastefully and prettily as I know how?

"No; I can't say that I exercise any taste whatever in those matters.

"Why should a married woman be bothering about the style of her hair or the cut of her dress?

"I arrange my hair in the quickest and consequently the plainest way that I can; and comfortable wrappers constitute my house dresses.

"Do I try to be as pleasant and agreeable with my husband as I used to be when he was my lover?

"No; I am weary at night, and generally feel cross; then George's conduct makes me worse, and although I never say anything, I surely look unpleasant, for I cannot smile.

"Do I take an interest in his business, and show that I am glad when he is successful? You know I never liked to hear about such things.

"If he mentions business at home, I tell him to leave that for the office.

"Do we sing together as we used to?

"I haven't touched the piano for six months, and my heart is too heavy for singing.

"Do I ever accompany George to an evening's entertainment?

"No, it is too tiresome; besides, as I said before, I think he prefers Edith's society.

"I believe if I were to die to-morrow, he would immediately try to win my sister.

"Oh, how terribly jealous I sometimes feel! And yet neither of them suspects it.

"Yesterday George made me get a tonic. He says I haven't looked well lately.

"Certainly I have not; but the tonic will do me no good.

"All I want is his love—the first place in his heart.

"And now, my sweet friend, I am as much in the dark as ever.

"Pray advise me, for I am

"Your miserable

"CONNIE."

"Poor mistaken little Connie!"

That is what I said after reading her tear-stained letter.

I was this time thoroughly convinced that she was most to blame, and when I wrote her an answer, I tried to convince her also of this truth.

I advised her then as well as I knew how.

It was two moths ere I again heard from Connie; then I was made happy by the reception of the following letter:—

"BELOVED FRIEND,—

"I know I ought to be ashamed of myself for neglecting you so long, but I have been in such a state of felicity—so much change having been effected since you wrote to me—that I have not felt in the humor for setting down to pen, ink, and paper.

"Besides, I resolved not to answer your letter until I had acted according to your advice, and could tell you the result.

"Well, I proceeded to work at once. It was then afternoon. I would have plenty of time to dress before George came home. So I went to my room, and after arranging my hair the way in which he liked it best, I donned a pretty lawn dress, added all the paraphernalia, and returned to the sitting-room to greet, with a smile, my lord and master.

"He arrived, punctually as ever, at six o'clock.

"Sad and weary, I thought he seemed, but when he looked at me his face brightened, and he cried, 'Why, Connie! You are as sweet as a rose! Who is coming?'

"'No one but you,' I replied.

"'And is all this beauty for me?' he said, drawing me closer to him.

"'That is right, my darling. I like to see you dressed prettily.'

"All that evening we were very, very happy. George behaved beautifully.

"We read, and played, and sang together. Who began it? I did; and George was so willing to join me.

"The next evening he came in, accompanied by Edith, who was dressed as for an entertainment.

"At first he said very little to me, and did not seem to notice my appearance.

"After a while he informed me that he was going to take my sister to a party at Brown's, and asked if I would like to accompany them.

"His tone was very indifferent, I thought, and I didn't believe he wanted me to go; but then I remembered my resolution, and smilingly answered that I should be pleased to go with them.

"'Will you?' he returned, heartily. 'I am delighted!

"'I did not suppose it was worth while asking you, because you always refuse, and tell me to take Edith. But I am glad now that I did.'

"'So am I,' cried Edith; 'and after tea I'll help you dress yourself prettily. George will hardly know you when we have done.'

"Well, it was quite two hours before my sweet sister was satisfied with her work.

"First she arranged my hair in one way, then in another; tried on this dress, then that; in fact, it was not until she had taken my hair down and put it up again three times, and had noted the effect of four different dresses, that she admitted she had finished, and took me down to find out what George thought.

"I knew I could not look as well as my sister, no matter how I was embellished; but my husband whispered to me that I looked better, and that was sufficient recompense for all the torture to which dear Edith had subjected me.

"Well, the party was one of unalloyed pleasure to me. Since then we have been wonderfully happy.

"I try to everything to please George, and he does his utmost to gratify me. There are times, to be sure, when I fall back into my old indolent ways; but I soon mend again, and George does not seem to notice my failings.

"I take an interest now in all his business affairs, the least or the greatest of which he always tells me.

"I even help him sometimes when he is unusually busy, and then he is very proud of his little wife, he says.

"A few days ago he came to me, and kissed me tenderly as he said, 'Darling, you have been very light-hearted lately. Tell me why.

"'Do you know I once thought you had ceased to love me, and so had grown tired of my attentions.'

"Then I laid my head on his shoulder, and told him all.

"When I had confessed everything I burst into tears, for the remembrance of that unhappy time was very sad.

"'Poor little Birdie!' he said soothingly. 'We have both made a sorry mistake; but we will go right on where we are now, and never doubt each other again.'

"So to-day I sat down to let you know that we feel ourselves greatly indebted to you; but we ask an additional favor, which is, that you will come and see us in our newly-found happiness.

"Your ever grateful

"CONNIE."

THE FIRST STRAW.—Straw was first used for hats and bonnets in 1821. Miss Sophia Woodhouse, of Connecticut, gathered a variety of grass found in the Connecticut Valley, braided it and sent her specimens to the Society of Arts in London. It was received with great favor on account of its similarity to Leghorn. This grass was extensively cultivated by advice of the society.

Her Prize.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I DECLARE, Dolly, you're enough to try the patience of Job!" said Miriam Spencer, indignantly.

"Here you've been and sewed on this trimming wrong side out, and it will take a full hour to rip it out if it will take a minute!

"I don't see what on earth you were thinking about!"

Dorothea Spencer stood, with folded hands and attitude of abasement, before her tall, handsome sister.

It was a type of their whole lives this morning's occurrence.

Dolly was always being arraigned, as it were, before the bar of her elder sister's judicial perfection.

She was always in the wrong, and Miriam and Melissa were always aggravatingly right.

Whatever she did was wrong side out or upside down, and it was the family legend that "Dolly couldn't be trusted any more than a child!"

The Spencers had been a well-to-do family once, but the blight commonly known as the "shrinkage of real estate" has ruined them.

Old Mr. Spencer, a cultivated scholar, had tried an "Establisment for Youths and Young Gentlemen," but there were no pupils to be had.

So Miriam had taken up the trade of fashionable dressmaking.

And Melissa, who was considered the talented member of the family, gave daily lessons in flower-painting, guitar music, and the manufacture of wax flowers.

"Dorothea ought to do something, too," said Miriam, severely eyeing the little, dark Spanish-eyed creature, who was so different from the rest of the family.

"Dolly's very young," said Mrs. Spencer who had always regarded this last of the flock as a mere baby.

"She's eighteen," said Miriam.

"She really seems to have no particular genius for anything," said Mrs. Spencer, apologetically.

But upon this especial occasion Miriam Spencer was particularly hurried with ball-dress, and she had invoked her younger sister's aid with no very distinguished success.

"I'm—I'm very sorry," faltered Dolly with downcast lashes and varying color.

"I don't see how it could possibly have happened!"

Miriam compressed her lips.

"One thing is very certain," said she—"I shall never ask your help again, Miss Dorothea.

"It is as Melissa says—you are good for nothing at all!"

Miss Melissa Spencer had been spending the afternoon with a literary friend, and was full of chatter as she copied music for the morrow morning's lessons.

"It's two thousand dollars prize for the best story on temperance," said she; "to be written in one hundred pages of manuscript, and sent in before the first of September next.

"And Louisa Lacy is going to compete for it!"

"Two thousand dollars?" repeated Miriam, with a long breath.

"Oh, I wish I could write!"

Dolly said nothing, but she listened with varying color and bated breath.

"Two thousand dollars!

To her it represented a golden mine of wealth—an inexhaustible treasure!

"Miss Pink used to say that my compositions at school were very good," thought Dolly.

"I wonder if 't would be wrong for me to try?"

And only the gray cat, purring away at the garret window-sill, knew of Dolly's persevering efforts all those long twilights, or the oil that was burned in the lamp, long after the rest of the family had sought their pillows.

The hopes, the fears, the intervals of feverish exultation, the answering chords of dull despair!

"Writing, eh?"

Miss Melissa had crept upstairs on tiptoe, and now stood, like an avenging spirit, over blushing, palpitating Dolly, who vainly strove to cover her disorded mass of papers with one fluttering hand.

"So," cried Melissa, severely, "this is the secret of all those mysterious disappearances.

"This is the reason you never can be found when you are wanted for anything.

"Dorothea Spencer, I am really surprised at you!"

"It's only a little story," faltered Dolly, turning pink and white by turns.

"I—I don't suppose anyone would publish it, but I thought it wasn't any harm just to write down what came into my head."

"You'd a deal better devote yourself to stocking-darning," said Melissa.

"As if you could write—you, that can't iron a shirt properly or baste on the trimming to a dress!

"Well, I am surprised at the confidence of some people!"

And Miss Melissa stalked out of the room with a countenance expressive of the extremest derision and disgust.

Dolly's face crimsoned hotly as she heard five minutes afterwards, the peal of Miriam's scornful laughter, as Melissa told her of the discovery she had made.

"I will succeed," she murmured to herself, as she drew the pile of papers nearer to her, and dipped the pen anew into the ink-stand.

As the summer waned away, things fared ill with the Spencers.

Miriam broke her arm, and, was compelled, perforce, to abandon her trade: Melissa found that the demand for wax flowers, guitar lessons and water-color painting was dwindling away to a mere nothing—and matters looked unpromising enough.

"I don't know what is going to become of us all," said Miriam, in tears.

"If Dolly was only good for anything now—"

But, just at that moment, Dolly came in, with reddened cheeks, and dark eyes sparkling with unwonted light.

"Miriam," said she, pausing, and laying her hand gently on her sister's shoulder, "I am not good for much, I know.

"See!"

She opened a letter which she had been holding all this time, and laid a slip of paper in Miriam's palm—a check for two thousand dollars.

"Child," gasped the astounded elder sister, "where did you get this?"

"It is for my story," said Dolly, flushing all over with innocent delight.

"I have been fortunate enough to win the prize."

"I always knew our Dolly would come out right!" said Mrs. Spencer.

And the two elder sisters were compelled albeit it was a little difficult just at first, to coincide in this opinion.

Bric-a-Brac.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A citizen at Rome, Ga., while crossing the railroad tracks in that city, got his foot caught fast in a frog. While trying to get loose he saw the Chattanooga train on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Road come dashing over the bridge. Wild with fright, the man jerked his leg almost out of joint, and came near breaking his foot. But the train was almost upon him and he decided to unlace his shoe, pull his foot out, and leave the shoe to be mashed. He acted on this thought, and as he got his foot out—the train glided by on another track.

THE FAN.—In Shakspeare's time the fan was made with a long, stout handle, and was carried by men and often employed by *pater familias* in castigating refractory children. In the days of Catharine of Braganza, before the era of parasols, it was used by high dames and ladies of the court as a sunshade, its liberal proportions admirably serving the purpose of the modern sunshade. The fan may not inaptly be regarded as a symbol of civilization. The classic writers of Greece speak of its uses and beauty, while the paintings in the relics of Thebes show that the Egyptians were accustomed to its use.

AT MEAT.—The way a Mongol Tartar eats meat—at least among the tribes of which our author had experience—cannot be recommended on grounds either of safety or elegance. He takes a large piece of meat in his right, fastens his teeth in the meat, and with a sudden flash of steel cuts off a piece close to his lips. It is evident that a prominent nose is a great disadvantage at a meal thus eaten, and it is said that the sight of a table full of guests performing after this fashion is enough to appal the stoutest heart. The Mongol does not yield to the European in abuse of strong drink; and one of the Mongol's favorite diseases is that which is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be especially prevalent in the land of "whusky."

THE LOGIC OF EARLY RISING.—"He who would thrive must rise at five,"

so says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it; for if

He who would thrive must rise at five,
it must naturally follow
He who would thrive more must rise at four;
and it will ensue, as a consequence, that
He who would still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this latter would outdo
Must rouse himself at the stroke of two.

And, by way of a climax to it all, it should be held that

But he who would never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be:

He who would flourish best of all
Should never go to bed at all.

MAN AND WIDOW.—A man risks little in marrying a widow. He runs no danger of dashing any romantic female ideas of the high and noble character of man. She knows what man is, and knowledge has driven from her mind all this nonsense. She has found that man is a creature of a narrow mind, of no high pursuits, of few ideas, of a generally dull composition, of small passions, and largely governed by his own bodily wants; that, if he is made comfortable by supplying his physical appetites, he is amiable, like the anaconda, after a full meal. She looks for no hero, and is in no danger of being soured by that disappointment. Therefore he need not fear that when the halo of the honeymoon has dissipated, he will find in her a far-away expression of face and a listless manner, as if expectancy had failed. She knew the situation when she accepted it. He will find that she knows all the little habits and little wants which go to make up man; knows how to gratify them, and eke how to regulate them. And if she is not quite all his fancy painted her, he has little reason to complain of his help-mate.

LONG AGO.

BY J. A.

When I sit in the twilight gloaming,
And the busy streets grow still,
I dream of the wide, green meadows,
And the old house on the hill.
I can see the roses blooming
About the doorway low;
Again my heart gives greeting
To the friends of long ago—
Dear long ago!

I can see my mother sitting
With life's snowflakes in her hair,
And she smiles above her knitting,
And her face is saintly fair.
And I see my father reading
From the Bible on his knee,
And again I hear him praying
As he used to pray for me—
So long ago!

I see all the dear old faces
Of the boys and girls at home,
As I saw them in the dear old days
Before we learned to roam.
And I sing the old songs over
With the friends I used to know,
And my heart forgets its sorrows
In its dreams of long ago—
Dear long ago!

How widely our feet have wandered
From our old home's tender ties;
Some are beyond the ocean,
And some are beyond the skies.
My heart grows sad with thinking
Of the friends I used to know;
Perhaps I shall meet in heaven
All the loved ones of long ago—
Dear long ago!

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

A few minutes later profound silence reigned.

The Earl's dressing-room was at some distance from the room where Lord Hyde slept, and there he and his relative remained.

The Earl lay on the sofa, Irene knelt by his side, and Lady Marcia sat in the great arm-chair.

It was a calm night.

The moon shone only fitfully through the clouds, and the stars gave but little light.

The great stillness struck awe into the hearts of the watches.

Sir James Hudson had seen that all his wishes were carefully executed.

The bed-room in which the young lord lay possessed great advantages as a sick-room.

An ante-room led from the corridor into it, and on the other side was a large dressing-room.

Here the doctor stationed the nurses, ready in a moment if he wanted them.

In the ante-room everything was prepared in the event of the young lord requiring anything.

He believed—nay, he could have sworn—that he had locked the door leading from the ante-chamber to the corridor.

He had given the nurses strict orders to keep it locked, or all his predictions would be in vain.

Sir James sat intent upon his duties.

On a little stand by his side were various cups and glasses, from one of which every few minutes the doctor administered a teaspoonful to the patient.

The profound silence of the house was unbroken.

"Lady Marcia has carried out my orders well," he said to himself.

The grave tension of his face relaxed; he felt a hope.

The beat of the languid pulse was stronger.

There was a slight return of color to the white face, a slight movement in the weak hands.

He had greater hope.

Now if he could sleep!

As the night advanced the silence seemed to deepen.

The doctor was a man of very strong nerve.

He had never feared death in any of its terrible forms, but the pale face on the white pillow, the dim shadows of the large room lighted only by the solitary shaded lamp impressed him greatly.

A quarter to twelve.

Heaven be praised, there was no relapse up to the present!

The last spoonful of cordial had been eagerly swallowed, and the white lips had parted for more.

The pulse was surely stronger, the face surely of a less ashen tint.

Ah, please Heaven, the old Earl would have his son back!

Hark!

What was that?

A sound so faint that he could scarcely distinguish it.

The next instant dead silence again prevailed.

He administered another spoonful of the cordial, and then he heard the sound once more.

This time there could not be a doubt that some one was in the ante-room, the door of which he felt sure he had locked.

In an instant he had touched one of the nurses on the arm, holding his finger to his lips in token of silence, and the next minute she had noiselessly taken her post by the sick man's side, and the doctor showed her which glass was to be used next.

Then came the sound again, but it was so very faint that the nurse did not hear it.

The doctor opened the door of the anteroom very softly, and then closed it behind him.

The room was in darkness, but he seemed to feel some one was there.

Then he heard a slight rustle, and some one passed out the door.

With lightning speed he followed.

Out in the corridor a fitful gleam of moonlight fell at that moment, and he saw plainly enough the figure of a woman.

"Whoever that may be, it is the poisoner!" he said to himself.

The figure seemed to fly down the broad corridor.

But he followed rapidly.

Ah, would he ever forget the horror of that moment?

The woman reached the top of the broad staircase, and then—whether one foot caught in the carpet, whether she missed a step, he never knew—he heard the terrible thud of a falling body, a half-smothered groan, and saw by the fitful light a dark figure lying in the hall below.

Then all was again profound silence.

The doctor's heart stood almost still, but he did not delay—he hurried rapidly down the long staircase.

He could do nothing in the darkness. So he made his way back to the ante-room; candles and matches were there.

Happily no one else had heard that terrible sound, the thud of a heavily-falling human body.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was a shock, but hardly a surprise, to Sir James, when, on raising the woman's head from the ground, he saw the face of Lady Ryeford.

The flying figure had been strangely familiar to him.

Her wild look, the mad laugh, came back to his mind.

He tried to raise her.

But one glance at her face showed him that she was dead.

Death must have been instantaneous.

She had had no time to suffer or to repent.

Then he saw something tightly clenched in her left hand.

He opened it.

Ah, Heaven, there was indeed no mistake!

It was a small phial which she held in her fingers.

He took out the stopper and smelt the contents, and then he knew in very truth that the wretched secret poisoner lay before him.

This was the mixture which from the first he felt sure had been used to such deadly purpose.

He placed it in his pocket, uncertain yet as to what he should do.

The face of the dead woman seemed to plead for mercy.

The next step to be taken was to find Lady Marcia.

She had told him where her room was, if he had occasion to send for her.

He laid the heavy head on the stair, and hastened to the sick-room to look at the patient.

Surely he was better!

He had fallen into a deep sleep; his breathing was natural.

The livid pallor and the blue tint of the lips had disappeared.

If any faith was to be placed in these signs, the young heir was saved.

He went away, noiselessly closing the door, relieved from one great anxiety, but oppressed by another.

He passed on to Lady Marcia's chamber.

But there was no answer to his summons.

Then it struck him that she was in all probability sitting up with the Earl.

Strong man as he was, he shuddered, as he passed through the dark corridors on his way to the Earl's room, the thought of the dead woman lying at the foot of the stairs.

The door was ajar, and he saw the Earl lying on the couch, with closed eyes.

Irene was kneeling by his side, and Lady Marcia, with her face hidden in her hands, knelt by the young girl.

At that moment midnight sounded from the clock in the tower.

"Twelve!" said the old Earl.

"Now we shall know whether my boy is dying or will live."

There was a movement of the door, and they all three started.

A cry rose to Lady Marcia's lips; but Irene in a moment had placed her hand over them.

"It is good news I bring you," said Sir James—"good news.

"Lord Hyde is sleeping, and is much better."

Then, looking at Irene, and remembering what lay at the foot of the stairs, he shuddered.

"You may rest in peace," he added to the Earl, "you may dismiss all your fears, for I believe your son will recover.

"I would not bid you hope unless I had good reason.

"I believe that with the morning sunlight he will be given back to you.

"Miss Ryeford"—turning to Irene—"it will be as well for you to remain with Lord Cradoc; I want Lady Marcia to help me."

They left the room together, and, when they stood in the corridor, she said to him—

"Spare one moment while I tell Daphne the good news."

"I cannot spare you one moment," he said gravely.

"Something very terrible has happened, and I want you to help me."

"Not surely to Lord Hyde?" she cried.

"No.

"Lord Hyde is better, and is sleeping, as I have told you; his life now depends mainly on quiet.

"This is another matter.

"Lady Ryeford has had a terrible accident."

"Lady Ryeford?" cried the astonished lady.

"Why, she is the last person in the world of whom I should have thought!

"Lady Ryeford?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Now, remember, the slightest noise may cost Lord Hyde his life.

"Bear that in mind, and you will be able to control yourself."

"I shall not forget," said Lady Marcia. "Tell me the worst at once."

"Lady Ryeford has fallen down-stairs—down the grand staircase that leads to the hall—and I am afraid she is terribly injured."

"What a fearful thing!" cried Lady Marcia, in dire consternation.

"Let me go to her at once, Sir James."

"By all means; that is why I called you.

"But stay, Lady Marcia—can you bear a further shock?"

"Yes," she replied calmly.

"I am grieved to tell you Lady Ryeford is dead."

"Dead?" she repeated in dismay; and stood looking at each other in silence.

"What shall we do?" she gasped at last.

"You have two trustworthy servants—Mrs. Moore and Grey.

"Will you wake them?"

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"Simply enough.

"She was probably going down-stairs, and missed her footing."

"What should she be going down-stairs for at midnight?" asked Lady Marcia.

"What indeed!

"Being in the ante-room, and hearing a slight noise, I hastened out to see who it was.

"Lady Ryeford was at the top of the stairs, in the very act of descending the first stair, when she missed her footing and fell to the bottom."

"Then you saw her fall?" interrogated Lady Marcia.

"I saw her fall," he replied, "and I shall never forget the sight or the sound while I live.

"I need scarcely tell you that I hastened after her.

"But she was dead."

"What a horrible thing!

"I will not give way, Sir James; but the news has taken my strength away."

She leaned against the wall, so white and powerless that he feared she would faint; but, after a few minutes, she rallied, and said to him—

"I will call the servants now, Sir James."

"Impress upon them that there must be no noise," he said.

"We have the living to think of as well as the dead."

"Do not consider me foolish," said Lady Marcia; "but Sir James, I am afraid to go through all those long dark passages alone.

"Will you come with me?"

Soon afterwards the two astonished and terrified servants stood with Lady Marcia and the doctor at the foot of the stirs, where the dead body lay.

There was little enough said when they raised her.

Mrs. Moore told them that Lady Ryeford often went down to the library at night in search of books, for she was a bad sleeper.

Sir James said nothing.

He had not made up his mind, yet what course to pursue.

He knew only too well with what deadly intent she had gone into the ante-room with the fatal bottle.

She must have been puzzled on finding the place in utter darkness.

Then, hearing him, and fearing detection, she had fled away, not thinking whither she was going, only seeking to avoid being found with the very bottle in her hands. In her hurry, she had slipped and fallen.

Whether he should reveal this Sir James could not yet determine.

They laid the body of the hapless lady on her own bed, and the doctor expressed a wish that Irene should not be told the fatal truth until the morning.

Mrs. Moore called one of the maid-servants.

While the young lord slept the sleep that was to restore him to health, while the Earl prayed and Irene read from the great Book of Comfort, the pitying women performed the last sad offices for one whose violent passions had led her to an awful death.

It was a strange contrast.

In one part of the grand old mansion grim Death reigned supreme.

In another the Angel of Life was wooing a stricken creature back to health.

Lady Marcia persuaded the Earl to go to bed.

Bertie was better, and he would see him in the morning.

She made Irene also go to her room; a few hour's rest and sleep would strengthen her and render her better able to bear the coming blow.

She herself never thought of rest.

She had had no great regard or affection for Lady Ryeford, whose character she had not admired.

But the horror of that awful death was a shock to her.

None of the inmates at Poole will ever forget the dawn of the following morning—the thrill of delight that went through the house when it was known that the young lord was better and would live, the thrill of horror with which all heard of the terrible accident that had led to Lady Ryeford's death.

They broke the news gently to the Earl, who was overcome at hearing it.

Daphne trembled when Lady Marcia told her.

"How strange it seems!" she said.

"Last night one life was given to us and another taken."

But Daphne forgot all sorrow when he looked once more on the face of the man she loved.

Lord Hyde was not told the news until some weeks after the funeral—not in fact until he had left Poole for a time, with all its sorrowful memories, behind him.

Irene's grief was terrible to witness.

It was all the greater from the remembrance that there had been times when she had been impatient with her mother, that she had failed in obedience and docility to her, that she had been unable to say a word of farewell.

"If I could but have known!" she moaned again and again.

"Oh, Lady Marcia, if we could but foresee things!"

When Sir James heard those words and witnessed the grief of the girl, he decided that he would keep silence concerning the crime.

It had been prevented, and the poor sinner was dead.

No good could be gained by revealing it.

The knowledge of it would break her daughter's heart and embitter her whole life.

If Lady Ryeford had lived, he would have felt that she must be punished; dead, he would screen her memory.

Sir James destroyed the only trace of her crime—the fatal bottle.

There was an inquest, at which he, with Lady Marcia and the two servants, gave evidence, and the verdict was "Accidental Death."

Lady Ryeford was buried in the churchyard at Abbey Dale.

A white marble monument tells of the deep regret felt for her.

The lips of the only man who knew the secret of her life and death were closed for ever in this world.

The greatest sympathy was expressed on all hands for the family—above all, for Irene.

Arran had hastened to her the moment he heard the news, and had done his best to console her.

Happily no idea of her mother's sin ever entered her head; if there had, shame would have well nigh killed her.

When Lord Hyde was well enough to travel, he accompanied his father to Italy.

Irene's marriage was postponed, and the Earl said now that, when the time of mourning had expired, he should like two marriages to take place together; and the time he appointed was the June of the following year.

* * * * * * *

Three years have passed, and still the country-people like to tell of the grand double wedding in the old church at Abbey Dale—of the sweet fair haired girl who became Lady Hyde, and of the beautiful bride with the dark face and eyes, noble and stately, evidently as deeply in love with the grave handsome husband who walked by her side.

No one has yet been able to decide which was the lovelier.

All the friends of the family were there—Mr. Rigby, that this episode in the Cradoc family had ended so happily.

Sir Trevor, heart-broken at losing Daphne but determined to endeavor to find one just like her; and others.

Even Claude Lorraine Erlecote had left his beloved pictures to be present, and was an object of great interest to every one, especially to aunt Marcia.

Not one friend was forgotten.

There was never a brighter June day, never a greater profusion of flowers, deeper love, or greater happiness.

The Earl seemed to have grown young again.

Yet, in the midst of their happiness, they did not forget their dead—the grave in the old churchyard, or that in the depths of the green waters.

Three years have passed since then, and on a bright June day a great festivity takes place at Poole—the christening of the little heir, whom his parents have called Alaric, after the beloved dead.

Once more relatives and friends are all gathered together—the Earl, with the sunshine of happiness on his face.

Lady Marcia beaming with content; Sir James Hudson, who has given himself a few days' holiday.

Mr. Rigby, to whom the birth of an heir to Poole has been an event of the utmost importance.

Arran Darleigh, now one of the most famous men in England; and his beautiful wife.

Their happiness is complete.

On that day Lord Hyde persuades Mrs. Darleigh to accept the old Manor House, and she is both pleased and amused with

her new title of "mistress of West Lynn."

Daphne never tires of exhibiting the accomplishments of her wonderful little son, and the Earl never wearies of admiring them.

Later on she mentions that the famous Ertecote Gallery has been opened, and they all discuss its wonders.

Sir James stands apart, watching the gay groups.

He knows the whole story now of the Earl's choice, and he feels that if the responsibility of the decision had lain with him he could not have at least chosen.

He watches Daphne, with her glorious hair, her sunny blue love-lit eyes, her long blue dress sweeping the ground, and a knot of white roses in her belt—fair, sweet, and true.

She plays with her cooing baby; she laughs with the Earl.

He watches Irene too, noble and queenly in her dark loveliness, a world of passionate love in her dark eyes, of poetry in her face, talking so earnestly that Mr. Rigby, to whom she is speaking, listens as to an oracle; and he thinks of her mother's sin.

He rejoices that he has kept the terrible secret.

The sunlight flashes over the gleaming river Wray; the birds sing, the bees murmur to the flowers, the wind whispers to the leaves; and Lady Marcia thinks of her strange dream, wherein all the sweet voices of nature called—"Daphne, Countess of Cradoc!"

[THE END]

The Death-Fly.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

OUR story is laid in the days when England had just obtained a firm footing in China, and felt almost authorized to call the fruitful island of Hong Kong her own, for was not the European city of Victoria rapidly rising thereon, and were not her sailors and middies at last able—with that charming courtesy and urbanity which distinguishes her relations with foreigners, directly we begin to get the upper hand of them—to cut the Celestials' pig-tails, and insult their manners and religion without any fear of reprisals.

True, the great Mandarin Shan Tchesn was still nominally governor of Hong Kong, holding it for his Imperial Majesty Chang-Chai, Son of the Moon, and Lord of the Little Stars; and by express stipulation, every English ship that passed up the Canton River to the Southern capital had to have painted along her sides, in glowing red Chinese characters, such as we see on the tea-chests, "Vessel bearing tribute from a country called Britain;" yet for all this there we were, and would remain.

But of course we paid court to the Mandarin, and we didn't pull his pig-tail, of course!

He was the Emperor's representative, and lived in a palace, and gave grand parties and sumptuous entertainments; and though there was always at his dinners a slight risk that you might be partaking of puppy-dog pie or rat fricasse disguised under other names, so as not to shock your bigoted insular prejudices, yet for all that, they were not to be sneezed at, and British ladies, as well as gentlemen, accepted Shan Tchesn's hospitality.

Now, old Colonel Dacre, of the Queen's Dragoons, who had been invalided home for three years, about this time returned to the Flowery Empire, bringing with him his daughter Dora, to nurse him and pet him up when he was ill; but as he thought better of it and kept well, the fair Dora found a much more congenial task in driving all the young officers at Hong Kong madly in love with her, and was not content until she had also made captive the great Mandarin of the coral-button, Shan Tchesn.

Don't be shocked at her, young ladies, for never an Eastern Prince comes to Britain's shores without the fairest of Mayfair treating him as though he were a demi-god; and the more diamonds he wears the more they admire, no matter whether he is or is not a terrible tyrant at home.

But then it is the custom of Oriental grandees to bestow costly diamonds and emeralds as tokens of gratitude and esteem on those whose acquaintance they have made, and who have pleased them; and British etiquette decrees that her wives and daughters may accept such trifles, rather than hurt the feelings of the generous donors, who know no other way of expressing the inmost sentiments of their hearts.

It is a harmless and graceful custom of their country, and to refuse would often be to offend.

Dora had indulged in harmless flirtations during the past three years of her life, but she had never flirted with a lemon colored Oriental satrap before, with almond eyes, a long pig-tail, and finger nails like birds' claws, so that it was a novel experience.

The Mandarin's costume was cloth of gold and silver, with dragons and other strange monsters worked over them in silk and satin.

He wore a peacock plume in his hat when he had one on his head, with a great coral button at its apex, as symbol of his rank.

And he got into the very pleasing habit of sending her, anonymously, bouquets of hot-house flowers, with always a pearl, or ruby, or topaz attached to one of them as an extra blossom.

They were the prettiest blossoms amongst all their fellows to Dora.

She was silly enough to fancy that a smile and occasional soft word would be ample payment for all this, and meanwhile such a lover was both useful and picturesque.

"Dora," said young Percie Egerton to her one day—Percie was a subaltern in her father's regiment, and as manly and handsome as Dora was ladylike and beautiful—"I wish you wouldn't carry on so strongly with that old Mandarin.

"When we had got him excited at mess the other night, we managed to make him stand on the table and propose a toast, and the old lunatic waved his glass about, spilling half the wine, and saying, with a well satisfied grin, 'To Missie Dora Dacre, my wifey, wifey that is to be.'"

Dora flushed crimson with rage, shame, and indignation and then said—

"And did any one imagine that he spoke with reason? That I had given him encouragement."

"Well, Dora, we all know you to be an atrocious little flirt, and we none of us could be sure that you hadn't given the poor old boy some encouragement; of course not with any idea of becoming Mrs. Shan Tchesn—that would be too absurd."

"Oh! Egerton, how could you refrain from upsetting the table when you heard him, Mandarin and all?

"I'd have let you kiss my hand had you only done it, there."

"Ah, Dora! I'd attempt the spoiling of many a China doll for that privilege.

"I really wish I'd thought of it.

"May I not salute that little hand on credit, just for once?"

"No, sir; like a co-operative store, I allow no credit," laughed Dora, getting over her chagrin.

"I wish, Dora, that, like a co-operative store, you'd get all value for what you dispense."

"What does the foolish boy mean?

"If you get enigmatical, I'll dispense with your company."

"I'll tell you plainly what I do mean, Dora, for I don't want to talk in riddles, heaven knows.

"I wish you wouldn't throw away your smiles, and sighs, and tender glances as you do.

"I am greedy and covetous of them, and want them all to myself; and since you confessed to me the other day that you were not indifferent to me, that, in fact—that is to say—oh! where am I wandering?"

Well might he stammer and grow confused, for Dora Dacre was looking up into his flushed and excited face with the most innocent air of amazement possible.

"Did I do anything so silly?" said she.

"Well, I'm sure I'd forgotten all about it.

"Let me put it down on my ivory tablet, lest it should slip out of my memory again. That I was not different to you, was it? I think you said I made use of a word like that.

"But, upon my honor, Percie, I don't know what we're alike in, unless it lies in the foot, eh?"

And the saucy little minx just elevated her skirt a couple of inches, and laid beside his a pedal extremity that by contrast looked like a captain's gig, as it awaits his descent alongside of his towering frigate.

Dora knew that her size were small twos well enough.

"Oh, Dora! would I were a spider, and you would do me the honor of crushing me with such a dainty little brodequin; yet, for all that, I don't exactly relish the figurative crushing that you are inflicting on me at present.

"Just pass me those tablets, and I'll write down what you said on the occasion I refer to.

"If I don't put the exact words, at all events it shall be what they implied."

With a mocking laugh, the fair girl did as he asked her, and the young officer at once wrote therein, in a firm round hand, "I love Lieutenant Egerton, and I'll never marry any one else.—Dora Dacre."

Having accomplished this, he handed her back the tablets with a smile.

"Well, I never heard of such presumption," laughed the young lady.

"A libel, sir—a libel! I declare I never said anything of the kind; but as the words imply a prior offer on your part of both hand and heart, with all your worldly goods to me endow, I'll keep it in evidence, so that I may bring an action for breach of promise, should you ever fall into any of those great expectations that you are so often talking about, and which alone might render you really acceptable, you know."

And, with another silvery laugh, she thrust the tablets, as she thought, into her pocket.

At this moment, who should enter the garden pertaining to the Colonel's villa, or bungalow, as he loved to call it, in remembrance of India, but Dora's father, arm-in-arm with Shan Tchesn

"Beware of that man, Dora; encourage not his attentions, even in jest.

"All Asiatics are vindictive and revengeful.

"I know them better than you do, and I speak as a friend now," said Percie Egerton hastily, as they approached, and with the speech their private tete-a-tete ended.

"His Excellency will stay to luncheon, and if you do not hurry, Dora, you will be late to do the honors," said the Colonel.

"Mr. Egerton, please hurry to barracks, to relieve McKay, who has applied for twenty-four hours leave of absence.

"I never seem to know where to lay my hand on an officer when I want one."

And thus was one of Dora's adorers despatched with a flea in his ear.

As for Dora, she flushed crimson, and hurried towards the house.

But in the indignant little shake she had given to the skirt of her dress, something fell to the ground, which Shan Tchesn beat his round form to pick up—of course, with the primary object of returning it to her; though, directly his eyes caught a couple or so of the words that Lieutenant Egerton had just written therein, he altered his mind, and thrust it into his own pocket.

He was no uneducated, pigeon-speaking Chinaman, except when in his cups—was his Excellency, Shan Tchesn (had he been, we should have tried to have got some fun out of him,) but a statesman and scholar, who understood and pronounced English, at all events as well as a Frenchman or a German generally does.

He was in gala attire, and had entered the garden with his melon-hued face wreathed with smiles.

A very different expression sat on it now, however, though he dissembled tolerably well.

He had not had time to master the whole passage, but he could do that anon.

Luncheon over, Colonel Dacre tried hard to keep awake, in order to do the polite, but drowsiness soon got the better of him, and his usual mid-day nap would not be said "No" to.

When he was sound off, Shan Tchesn said, with an oily smile, how much he should be pleased if Dora would only sing to him, and on her consenting, for she knew not how well to refuse, he led her into the drawing-room and up to the piano, but he did not suffer her to play.

For while she was turning over her music-book, to discover one of his favorite songs, he threw himself down on his knees before her, and began to implore her to be his wife.

Yes, his wife—the wife of a pig-tailed Chinaman—and there was something in his manner that plainly enough told Dora that he expected that she would say "yes."

There was nothing *outre* or comical in his speech, save such as was imparted to it by his strange aspect.

He set forth much the same inducements before her as a millionaire Englishman might have done in proffering a like request—namely, that all that wealth could buy should be hers; that her social position would be the very highest in Hong Kong; that she would be a princess of the oldest empire in the world, have servants and slaves by scores to attend upon her, and much more to the same or nearly the same effect.

Then he suddenly stopped, for he caught sight of an expression of mingled horror and disgust in Dora's blue eyes and parted lips, and he was shrewd man of the world enough to read her thoughts in an instant—to know that his color and his race were scorned and hated by her.

"Stay, Miss Dacre," said he, rising to his feet, and spreading out the palm of his hand towards her, while he averted his head, "Shan Tchesn had a pleasant dream, but your look has woke him up. Let it be—he will not go to sleep again.

"You need not speak; he can guess what you would say, and the request of a Mandarin may not be refused without disgracing him.

"Nor must to any one else be given the love that has been denied to him.

"Then all right, and very good friends in future."

And with these words Shan Tchesn hurried from Dora Dacre's presence.

But when he had gone, the merry, light-hearted girl burst into peal after peal of laughter, never fancying that their echo would reach him as he passed along the street under the garden wall.

But they did, and his anger burned fiercely within him, nor was its flame lessened by a perusal of her tablets when he reached home.

"They shall both die," said he, and he meant it.

* * * * * *

A month later the Mandarin, Shan Tchesn, gave a sumptuous entertainment, at his charming palace, to the better class of British residents of the new town of Victoria.

The ball-room was a blaze of light, and the conservatories and withdrawing rooms gay with fountains and exotic flowers, the white blossoms of the tea shrub glistening amongst them.

Dora Dacre was the belle of the room.

None had a face so bright, so lovely, and so happy; none had a neck and shoulders so smooth, and soft, and white; arms so beautifully rounded; or, in short, features and form so exquisitely proportioned in every respect.

She was the admired, the most worshipped of all, but Lieutenant Egerton was now her acknowledged cavalier and affianced husband.

The Mandarin, Shan Tchesn, performs the duties of a host most graciously.

He congratulates the young couple with an oily smile, and insists upon the lieutenant's acceptance of a ruby scarf pin, and the bride of a pair of exquisite opal ear-rings

Nay more, he playfully insists on personally decorating them therewith, and though he is so clumsy as to prick the young officer pretty sharply whilst fixing the pin in his scarf—for, owing to the heat of the weather, the lieutenant has gone to the entertainment and ball in multi—he will certainly be more careful with the tiny ears of pretty Dora Dacre.

As he opens the box containing the opals, a little green fly drops from somewhere or other on to Dora's snowy neck, buzzes up against her cheek, and either bites or stings her ere it falls on her exquisite neck again.

Dora perceives that one of its wings is gone, and so she gently flicks it from off her with a delicately gloved finger, and takes no further heed of the occurrence.

Meanwhile the amiable Mandarin has tenderly and deftly fixed the superb opals in her ears, and she is soon being whirled around in another ecstatic waltz.

"I am next on your list again," says Egerton, coming up to her when it is over. "A gallop, that is fine.

"Why, Dora, what is that black spot on your face?

"Not a patch to attract attention to your dimple, eh?"

"I didn't know there was anything there. A little fly bit me just now but——"

"Heavens, Dora, the black circle is expanding even while I gaze at it; 'tis now as big as a threepenny bit."

"Gracious, and there is another on my neck.

"Oh what can it be I wonder?" and Dora, throwing on her opera cloak, hastened into one of the little withdrawing-rooms to look at her face in a mirror.

Their host, the Mandarin, stood beside it, smiling and rubbing his hands.

"Little beauty spot, becomes Missie's fair skin very much," he said softly.

But the same instant two British officers entered the curtained alcove at the back.

The one was Dora's father, the other the regimental surgeon, Doctor Ferguson.

"Get your poor child home at once," said the latter in a whisper

"She has not half an hour to live."

"Heavens! what do you—what can you mean, doctor?" asked the agonized father, in the same low tone.

"That she has been bitten by a death-fly from the poisonous marshes of Chan-yang.

"Mortification, as you can see, has immediately followed the puncture. In a few minutes she will be a loathsome object to behold.

"The only comfort I can give you is that her death will be painless."

"Oh, this is horrible! Let me get near my child.

"Do you go and bring Egerton here, doctor."

The doctor at once hurried away for the young officer, but found him in the middle of the ball-room floor, in the agonies of death, with a green froth bubbling from his lips.

"Let me see that box," as the doctor, seizing hold of Shan Tchesn as he was in the act of thrusting one made of cardboard out of sight behind one of the window curtains.

He seemed loth to give it up, but Doctor Ferguson wrenched it from him, for he recognized it as the one that had held Dora Dacre's opal ear-rings.

On opening it he found therein the glittering wing of a fly, a flimsy bit of purple and gold.

"Wretch," he said to the Mandarin, "it was you who murdered her.

"You dropped a one-winged death-fly on to her neck whilst you fixed the rings in her ears, knowing that thus it would be sure to bite her ere it could get away.

"And the lover—you have killed him also."

"By the prick of a poisoned pin, moaned Egerton in his death agony.

A dozen swords flashed from their scabbards in an instant, and the treacherous Shan Tchesn fell beneath more than one gaping wound, to expire before either of his victims.

But the stern law of retributive justice did not save them.

Lieutenant Egerton died before he could be got out of the room, and the beautiful Dora had followed him to shadowland, ere the soul's deserted casket was carried into her father's house.

Uncle Joe's Tyranny.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

"YES, Ned," said Mr. Hess to his nephew and heir, "you must be a married man by the spring, or not a penny will you ever get from me.

"I want to be sure, before I die, that my money does not go towards supporting an idle young bachelor.

"Now, come," he added, coaxingly, "it isn't much I ask of you, Ned; there are many lovely women to choose from.

"Why," he said, chuckling, "I should not mind getting married again myself!"

Ned promised that he would do his best.

And mentally expostulating at Uncle Joe's tyranny, he rushed blindly into the vortex of fashionable life, in vain pursuit of his future bride.

So far, nothing in his attentions to this or that queen of fashion would lead one to suppose that he was treading the way to matrimony.

As he entered his elegantly furnished library late one night, and sank despondingly into a comfortable arm-chair in front of the fire, a half-suppressed sigh escaped his lips.

Slowly he pulled off his gloves, apparently unconscious of the act.

Was he thinking of the ballroom he had just left, and the captivating women he had met there?

Well, of course the fairy-like picture revolved in his mind.

But as a contrast to that, another tableau, more subdued in tone and light, claimed his attention.

It represented a young girl, poorly but neatly clad, and as fresh as the morning dew, waiting for the City 'bus at the corner of the street.

This picture had been, for the past three months, Ned's daily treat; for as the clock struck eight, in all weather, the dainty little thing stood at the same corner, unconsciously giving him a full view of her sweet face.

At first Ned thought himself prompted by mere curiosity in watching her; but as time went on, he had to acknowledge that a deeper feeling was slowly taking hold of him.

A month had scarcely elapsed before he was well informed, from inquiries in various quarters, concerning the young lady's affairs.

Her name was Violet Gray.

She was living in the neighborhood with her mother, the widow of an army officer.

Mrs. Gray was in delicate health, and, owing to the insufficiency of her pension and her inability to increase her means by work, she had to submit to seeing her daughter learn telegraphy, and, in time, become a telegraph operator.

On Sunday, as they passed before Ned's window on their way to church, they little suspected that eager and admiring eyes lost not one of their movements and gestures.

After they were out of sight, our young man, who, so far, had not been much of a church-goer, would rush after them and try to get a seat near them.

He would wonder why he felt so devout, and why he took so much interest in the services.

Was it because she was listening so intently, and seemed so happy?

He knew that she was as good as she was beautiful, and he felt better for this sort of communion with her.

Once he had the good fortune to sit in the same pew with the Grays, and availed himself of the privilege of rendering them all the little services consistent with good breeding and the sanctity of the place. He had also an opportunity to observe that Mrs. Gray's manner was that of a well-born woman, and that, in spite of her plain attire, and a tinge of sadness in her expression, she was exceedingly attractive yet.

Notwithstanding all this, Ned had faithfully done his duty in complying with his uncle's request.

He had gone into the fashionable world, in conscientious search of a wife, but in reality haunted wherever he went by a sweet little figure, very different from the women he met in society.

"Ah, that dear little telegraph girl! I am in love with her!

"What would uncle say to such a marriage?

"He would probably cut me off with a penny.

"And yet I cannot bear the thought of another!

"I am indeed embarrassed.

"Oh, that we were living in the times when the good fairies were always on hand to help men out of their sad troubles!"

That very day, early in the afternoon, Ned called on Mrs. Gray.

"Madam," he said, "I have come to speak to you about your daughter."

"Violet!" she exclaimed, anxiously. "Oh, what has happened?"

"For your sake and mine, I trust she is as well and safe as I have seen her this morning.

"I only wanted to ask your permission to pay her my addresses, for I love her dearly, and wish to make her my wife."

"Mr. Hess," she said, after some further conversation, "I appreciate your good intentions, but for my child's sake allow me a little time to meditate on all you have told me.

"Call in a few days to days to receive my answer; but in the meantime I should like Violet to be kept in perfect ignorance of all this.

"You spoke of your uncle, who has been a father to you, and whose advice you have not sought before taking this step.

"If it be not too late, let me entreat you to acquaint him with your wishes."

* * * * * *

It is needless to say that Uncle Joe was perfectly shocked when he heard that very evening that his nephew had fallen in love with a "telegraph girl."

The old gentleman, who had always prided himself on his diplomatic skill when involved in some difficulty, prepared in the solitude of his fireside, a little scheme which he thought would solve the problem, and at once rid his nephew of the object of a passing fancy.

In his mind he was only the dupe of two intriguing women who had ensnared him.

The young adventuress and her mother would easily be disposed of.

They would be glad to leave London with a few thousand dollars he was going to offer them.

The idea that they might be ladies, whose only fortune and privilege was the dignity of womanhood, never once occurred to him.

Mrs. Gray was not at all what he had expected, and as she motioned him to a seat with the perfect ease and grace of a woman of the world, his manner became instantly deferential and respectful.

"Madam," he began, nervously, "I have come to you about your nephew."

"Then," after a slight pause, "He loves your daughter."

"I am glad he consulted you, as I had urged him to do," she said.

"I hope you do not sanction the attachment for I feel sure it would not be best for his welfare or my daughter's happiness."

"Is that the view the young lady takes of it?" said Mr. Hess, with a tinge of sarcasm.

"I am thankful to say that she has no opinion in the matter, being totally unaware of your nephew's existence.

"He, besides, has pledged himself not to attempt to win her affection without my leave."

The old gentleman started up as if he had been stung.

But soon he was reseated, and excused himself awkwardly, on the pretence that his gout had troubled him a good deal of late.

Here was a strange case for him!

And such a different woman from the one he had expected to deal with and dismiss by means of his bank account!

She kept him so spellbound with her silvery voice and lofty manner that words died on his lips, and he felt a burning shame at the remembrance of his own sordid plan.

Gradually, however, he resumed his power of expression, and said, "Then she does not know him?"

"Of course not."

"This alters the object of my visit. I will beg you to excuse my intrusion," he said, slowly rising.

"Would you allow me to call again?"

"Certainly; but I would exact the utmost discretion towards——"

Before she could end her sentence, the front door opened, and as they stood in the hall, they could not avoid seeing the person who had entered.

It was Violet.

"Mother," she said, kissing her, and blushing at the sight of a stranger, "I have come home a little earlier to-day.

"Miss Cameron said that I might, as I worked later last night."

An introduction was unavoidable; and as the old gentleman retreated into the apartment, evidently inclined to prolong the interview, Mrs. Gray followed him, rather embarrassed, not knowing what to do or say.

Violet was going to leave them, when, addressing her, Mr. Hess compelled her to stay.

He began to ask about her work and her life in such a fatherly manner that she never doubted he had a perfect right to question her thus, being, as she felt sure, an old friend of her mother's.

Her timidity and blushes in consequence rendered her perfectly bewitching, and as she stood by her mother she seemed to have fascinated the visitor.

She was small and graceful; her blue eyes, like to the stars, shone with the pure light that irradiated her soul and conveyed its loveliness to the outer world.

Her dark brown hair fell in luxuriant and glossy curls over her shoulders; her mouth—large or small you could not tell, for it perpetually smiled—was adorned with a double row of dazzling white pearls; her sweet voice, like the mother's, was to Mr. Hess's ear a low, soft music with the richest modulations.

He felt as if under the influence of a charm soon to be dispelled.

At last he had to go, but announced that he would return the same evening.

Ordering his coachman to drive to his nephew's rooms, he sprang into his carriage with the light step of a man of twenty, quite forgetting that he had complained of his gout but a few minutes before.

"Charming! Exquisitely fresh and original!" he said to himself.

"And the mother is a delightful woman—so refined, so well-bred!

"Upon my word, they would grace the finest circles in London society!"

Just then he caught sight of his nephew walking gloomily towards his home, with head bowed low, and a dejected countenance.

Soon the carriage overtook him.

Ned, invited to get in, obeyed reluctantly, and prepared himself for another scene.

"My dear boy," said the uncle, kindly, "I want you to accompany me this evening, to ask the hand of the young lady you love.

"I have seen her, and I congratulate you.

"I am prepared to greet her as a daughter.

"In a word, I am rejoiced to think that if you can win her affections, our contract will be filled by the time appointed."

Ned looked at him, unable to comprehend his meaning.

Was it another dream, as cruelly illusive as the preceding one?

"Come and dine with me this evening," said old Mr. Hess.

"After dinner we will call together on Mrs. and Miss Gray, and——"

"Uncle!" Ned exclaimed at last. "Is this true?

"You have seen my Violet?"

"She is not yours yet, my boy; but you have my good wishes for your success in winning her."

About eight o'clock that evening Mr. Hess formally presented his nephew to Miss Violet Gray, having previously prevailed on Mrs. Gray to let him do so.

The young people, left to themselves, soon understood each other, and when they parted, Ned was full of hope; for Violet had blushingly confessed that she had noticed him at church, and had never seen him with displeasure.

When the spring sun brought out the violets, there was a quiet wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square: and Ned thinks that "his Violet is the sweetest flower on earth."

POT WOLLOPERS.—This was a nickname bestowed upon the electors in certain districts in England, who, previous to the passage of the Reform Bill, were allowed to vote if they could prove having boiled a pot in the borough to which they professed to belong.

Her Secret.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IT was a lovely farmhouse among the beautiful Welsh hills.

The little rambling house stood but a short distance from the highway, from which it was separated by a narrow yard.

At the left, and in the rear of the house, a broad meadow swept back to the base of the beech-crowned hills, whose undulating line waved darkly against the summer sky.

To the right the ground dipped suddenly into a deep ravine, and the hills crowded so close to the house that but a narrow arm of the meadow thrust itself between them. Through this narrow space ran the brightest, most crooked little stream that ever flowed seaward.

It capered through the meadow as though in a tremendous hurry to get somewhere.

It rushed out of its green banks with a jubilant song, dashed across the road, plunged gayly into a wild tangle of greenery—and so on and on.

A stone bridge was thrown over it as it crossed the highway.

It was on this bridge one quiet summer evening long years ago that I first saw Alice Ames.

I had walked to the post-office in the little village over the hill, and on my return, at sunset, I found a little figure standing with folded arms, and looking across the meadows and the hills at the glowing western sky.

She started, and turned towards me as I stepped upon the bridge, and after a casual glance resumed her former attitude.

I was tired and warm with my long walk and sat down upon the stone ledge which extended along the side of the bridge.

"What a lovely sunset!" I remarked to the silent little woman, who still stood with steady gaze fixed on the sky.

"Yes, madam.

"We have fine sunsets here," gravely turning her small face to me, and looking into mine with wonderful blue eyes.

"This is a beautiful valley.

"I do not think I ever saw a lovelier." I further ventured, although somewhat dubious as to the reception of my friendly advances.

"Strangers always admire our valley, I believe," rather indifferently.

The murmur of the stream beneath, and the twittering of the birds among the trees, alone broke the stillness of the hour.

I had not the courage to again address such a formidable little icicle.

She struck me as being a very ordinary-looking woman.

She was past her first youth, short of stature, and very thin.

Her face was perfectly colorless—even her lips were but slightly tinted.

Her smooth black hair was drawn plainly away from a high, square forehead, and knotted tightly at the back of a rather large but well-shaped head.

She had straight, heavy black brows which gave a severe and sombre look to the white face.

Her eyes were very fine.

They were large, of a deep, sunny blue, and shaded by curling dark lashes of unusual length.

It was a most singular face.

Such a cold, passionless one I had never seen.

A face, I thought, as I sat there, which she had acquired by a long struggle against some secret thing at which she refused to show outward grief.

It was a strong, pure, honest face—but not a pretty one.

I at length arose to depart, and as I stood for a moment taking a last look at the now fast fading splendors of the west, a quick step sounded on the hard road, and a tall form approached the bridge.

As I turned away I glanced at my neighbor's face, and almost exclaimed at the change which had swept over it.

Her eyes were black, her lips were pressed into a straight, thin, pink line, while on her cheeks a brilliant rose color burned.

She sat down on the ledge with her arms still folded, and turned her face, which at that moment was almost beautiful, full on the new-comer.

He was a handsome, sun-burned, middle-aged man, with gray hair and grizzled moustache.

He fastened his large, dark eyes on her as he raised his hat, and looked as though half-inclined to stop at her side.

He found no encouragement whatever in the slight, haughty, inclination with which she greeted him.

As my eyes followed the retreating form, it seemed to me that the spring had fled from his footsteps, and the broad shoulders seemed to bow, and the stately head, held so erect a moment since, was bent forward.

An air of utter dejection was visible in his carriage.

Without knowing why, I felt sorry for him, and I turned with a feeling of something like indignation within me towards the woman at my side.

It vanished instantly as my eyes fell upon her, for I saw a deathly face and blue lips, and little, thin hands clutched very tightly together over her heart.

One evening, a little more than a week after my meeting those two on the bridge, I was sitting alone on the porch, when I saw the slight figure coming slowly along the road.

Somewhat to my surprise, she entered the gate and approached the house.

She bowed as she passed me, and following a little footpath which led to the rear of the house, disappeared.

In the course of half an hour she returned with my hostess.

We were formally introduced, and proceeded, to exchange civilities in regular orthodox fashion.

We spent a delightful evening—I, at least, found it so.

She was intelligent, fairly educated, and well read.

I walked to the gate with her when she left, and watched the lonely figure flitting through the moonlight, along the quiet country road.

"Poor Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, as I resumed my chair near her.

"You know her well, then?" I asked.

"Bless you, yes; all her life—and she's twenty-eight this summer."

"She is very interesting indeed. I like her exceedingly."

"Alice is a good woman.

"She is different, some way, from anyone I ever knew."

After a moment's silence she went on.

"You've noticed the house at the foot of the hill, close by the bridge, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, Alice lived there with her grandmother a good many years.

"She was ten years old when her mother eloped with the man to whom she had been engaged before she married Alice's father.

"Some foolish quarrel separated them, Mary did what many a foolish women has done before and since—married one whom she did not love, simply from a desire to be revenged on him.

"The young fellow left the valley the day Mary was married, and was gone nearly twelve years.

"He had about faded from the memory of those who knew the circumstances, and there was much surprise at his return.

"Of course it is impossible to say whether he came with any definite idea of his future course or not.

"However that may be, no one suspected but the old relations were long since forgotten by them both.

"No one dreamed of the true state of affairs until they were gone.

"Nothing has ever been heard of them since Alice's father started in pursuit; but he never found them, and he never came back.

"He died in London a few years afterwards.

"Mary's mother took the desolate, forsaken child home to live with her.

"A few days after her mother's flight, Alice came in from school; and, walking up to her grandmother, said, in the strangest little voice—I heard her, and I shall never forget it, "What's this they say about my mother?

"Is it true that she's gone away with a bad man, and left me for ever and ever? Is it true that I shall never have my mother again?

"Grandma', they say so at school. Is it true?"

"The heart-broken old mother told the child the truth, and forbade her to mention her mother again.

"And it was only the other day Mrs. Scott asked me if I would believe that Alice had literally obeyed her; that from that day the child had never spoken of her, or mentioned her mother's name in any way.

"It seems almost incredible that such a mere child could put from her lips, at once and for ever, her mother's name.

"But, as I said a little while ago, she is unlike anybody else.

"Alice's aunts and uncles, on her mother's side, have always persisted in visiting their bitterness towards the mother on the head of her innocent daughter.

"The grandmother intended to leave Mary's share of the property to Alice; and would you believe that they did everything in their power to prevent it?

"And they succeeded, too.

"But I shouldn't be at all surprised if Alice goes first, after all their trouble.

"She has failed very much since her return this summer.

"She has grown thinner and paler each day.

"Five or six years ago—I don't know but it's more than that—she was engaged to be married to Mr. Waite.

"He had been for years head master in a college, but his health failed, and he was obliged to resign his post.

"He came here, and settled on the Steele Farm, that beautiful place the other side the village, with the big gray house and fine old trees about it.

"It's a large farm and a good one, and a high price was put upon it.

"Mr. Waite hadn't capital to pay for it in full, and the poor man has had a hard struggle.

"He had his mother, who was very old and infirm, and a blind sister, both entirely dependent upon him for support.

"A better son or brother never lived. To them he finally sacrificed the dearest and sweetest hope of his life.

"During the first few winters he opened a private school for the young men and women who wanted to study the higher branches.

"Nearly all the young people went, Alice among the number.

"During the third winter their engagement, which had existed for some time, became public.

"That spring Mrs. Scott's increasing infirmities compelled her to relinquish the management of her farm.

"She made arrangements for her young-

est son to live with her and take charge of it.

"His wife was one of those plausible, mischief-making women who, with very little effort, can turn Paradise into Pandemonium.

"She deliberately set to work to accomplish that which all the family so earnestly desired—a rupture between Alice and her grandmother.

"You know that when a woman of that stamp undertakes anything in her line, she rarely, if ever, falls short of success.

"Nor did she.

"She succeeded in completely estranging them, knowing that she was robbing an innocent, defenceless girl of her best friend, and of a dependence rightfully hers.

"As the summer advanced Alice's health began to fail.

"She was utterly unequal to the heavy tasks imposed upon her by the heartless woman who ruled in her grandmother's home.

"Full one half of the work fell upon the delicate girl who was so unfit for it.

"This they discovered, as we generally discover our mistakes, when it was too late to rectify it.

"One morning she was unable to rise from her bed, and she never left it for months.

"Nervous prostration the doctors called it at first.

"As the weeks passed, new and serious symptoms developed, and finally they pronounced it heart disease.

"They said it had always been latent, but that with proper care it might never have developed to such an alarming extent.

"Hard work and mental disturbance had augmented the disease, and for the rest of her life, if indeed she recovered, they said she would be a constant sufferer.

"The poor old grandmother's remorse was most pitiable.

"Everything that could be done for her was done, but her sufferings were terrible.

"The marriage, which was to have taken place that autumn, was, of course, indefinitely postponed.

"The long winter crept slowly away, and Alice was still confined to her room.

"Meanwhile, Mr. Waite, in addition to the solicitude in regard to Alice, was burdened with the growing conviction that a change of some kind was necessary in his household arrangements, if his farm was ever to be paid for.

"Every farthing he had was invested in it, and if the balance of the payments were not promptly made he would forfeit all, and lose the only home he had for the two women, who grew more and more helpless every year, and whose sole protector he was.

"It is impossible to conduct a farm successfully if the household machinery does not run smoothly, and Mr. Waite's certainly did not.

"He was entirely dependent on servants for its management, and for the care of his mother and sister.

"There was enough wasted to keep a family twice the size of his, and only his keen eyes prevented those helpless ones of his from being shamefully neglected.

"They had all three looked forward to the time of Alice's entrance into the family, as to the day of deliverance from these wearing annoyances.

"Now they were all at sea again.

"The marriage day had advanced far into the dim future.

"According to the doctor's diagnosis it would only be adding another invalid to the family, and as Anna Waite said bitterly to me one day, 'turning the house into a hospital.'

"'What John wants,' she went on to say, 'is to marry a good, strong, hearty woman, who can work and manage, and help him out of debt.

"'Alice is a lonely girl, but she should not come here now.

"'It would be a bad thing for her, but worse for John, and horrible for mother and me.

"'John was angry with me to-day, for the first time in my life, when I told him this.

"'But he shall not marry her if I can prevent it.

"'If Alice has any spirit she will see this, and release him.

"'She must know that however well he may love her now—and he loves her dearly, I know—the day will come when he will see his mistake and heartily regret it. I would save the both from such a dreary fate.'

"You see what powerful influences were brought to bear upon him.

"Not only his sister's, but his mother's voice, to say nothing of that awful air of homelessness which encompassed and permeated his home.

"He did need a wife to manage for him—yes, and managing alone would not answer. She would be obliged to work, and work hard, too, at least for years.

"Poor Alice would never be able to bear such onerous burdens.

"You will admit that he was placed in a cruel position.

"He grew haggard and gray during that wretched time. What his struggles were we cannot know.

"Many condemned him severely for the course he pursued; but I felt then, and do still, that he was to be pitied rather than censured.

"Had Alice but known that her illness was not a temporary one; had she suspected that which the doctors had ordered to be kept from her—that she would never be strong again—that she could not be to him the wife his circumstances demanded—she would have been first to sever their bonds.

"Two-thirds of the winter was gone.

"Alice gained slowly, and began to move like a little ghost about the house. Affairs at Mr. Waite's farm were falling into utter chaos. Clearly something must be done.

"Alice had, as yet, no suspicion of her true state, not the faintest idea of her betrothed's accumulating difficulties. But the blow fell at last.

"He went to her and told her all, and she promptly released him from their engagement.

"Again she was utterly prostrated, and this time no one had the faintest hope of her ultimate recovery.

"After many long, weary weeks of suffering, to the surprise of all she was again about the house.

"The balmy spring airs were sweeping down from the hills when she first ventured out.

"I shall never forget her sorrowful little face as it looked the first time they brought her up here.

"We thought the change would be good for her, and I kept her here with me for a fortnight or more.

"While she was here, Mr. Waite was married.

"Alice was sitting in front of the fire, propped up in a large chair, when the children rushed in from school with the news, and blurted it out in her presence.

"How frightened I was! But she only raised her eyes from the fire for an instant, and said not one word.

"She seemed to me like a person whom nothing on earth could hurt any more.

"The light had died out of her life, and henceforth she had but to endure.

"Waite's wife is a good-natured, whole-souled, ignorant woman, who made life very much more endurable to those two afflicted ones during the rest of their days. She was a widow, who owned the farm next his, and whose chief recommendation in his eyes must have been her ability to perform the manifold duties which separated him from the woman he loved.

"His wife lifted him from the burden of debt, for she is quite rich for this quiet place, and made a wonderful change in his cheerless home.

"You see what he gained by his marriage with her.

"He has now two fine farms, free from all encumbrances, a good wife, and the satisfaction of knowing that the last days of his mother and sister were made pleasant by his sacrifice.

"Suppose he had married Alice?

"When the warm weather came on the grandmother sent Alice to the seaside, hoping the air would benefit her.

"It revived her wonderfully, and she grew better fast; she soon wrote to the old grandmother, who longed in some way to make up for the evil they had done among them.

"Alice made the acquaintance of an elderly lady who was also spending the summer by the sea.

"She was very rich, and quite eccentric. The greatest part of her wealth was spent in charity.

"Among other things she had endowed an institution for women in London, and concerned herself intimately in its management.

"It appears that she took a great fancy to Alice, and before the summer was over she offered her a position in the institution where her duties would be light, not beyond her strength if she continued to improve as she had since she had been there.

"I presume that as she grew stronger the thought of returning here must have been very repugnant to Alice.

"At all events she did not return.

"Certainly whatever her responsibilities in her new position, they were incomparably more harmless than the life she would have led at home, under young Mrs. Scott's management, could possibly have been.

"She was gone four years.

"Time and her absence had, apparently, under the family influence, completely alienated the poor old grandmother from Mary's daughter.

"But about a month ago the old lady was taken dangerously ill, and nothing would do but they must send for Alice.

"She came at once in answer to their reluctant summons, and intends to remain until her grandmother is well again.

"She was looking much better than I had ever expected to see her look again when she first returned; but she is fading every day, and growing visibly weaker.

"Whether it is the care of the sick room or the power of old associations I do not know. Both, perhaps.

"Something is abetting her disease and shortening her life beyond a doubt."

I sat alone in the moonlight after my hostess had entered the house, thinking sadly of the story I had just heard.

It was, after all, but one of earth's heart tragedies out of the many which are being enacted every passing hour.

Most hearts grow out of such sorrows, and sometimes even appear to have passed beyond the possibilities of suffering.

But this woman was not of these as I afterward discovered through weeks of most delightful acquaintanceship.

We spent many quiet, peaceful hours together during the long, golden days, the memory of which, after all these years, is very sweet to me.

The summer passed rapidly away, and the time was fast approaching which was to take her back to her life in London, and me to my own home.

All night long the thunder had reverberated among the hills; the lightning flashed incessantly; the rain fell in fitful gusts, and the wind moaned through the valley, a homeless, friendless thing.

But the morning broke in such splendor as is only seen after a night of storm.

A few fleecy clouds were sailing through the blue ether—beautiful remnants of the summer storm.

The sunshine stole in at an open window of the little farmhouse, and rested tenderly upon a calm, dead face.

A troubled heart had found peace amid the storm.

In the lonely darkness a soul had escaped from its bondage, and Alice had gone home to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE HAIR AND COMPLEXION.—The appearance of the hair will depend a great deal on the style of wearing it.

Pale-colored hair, whether of a yellowish or a brownish tint, need not be dyed in order to make it add to the beauty of the wearer.

Nine times out of ten any attempt to change the natural tint thus violently will result disastrously.

Judicious care and a diet and mode of life that will increase the amount of iron in the system will frequently darken somewhat the color that nature gave in the first place, though the result will come about rather slowly.

Hair that the possessor thinks is too pale in color should be worn in crimps and waves as fluffy as they can be made, and the play of light and shade will render the effect more beautiful than would any attempt at coloring.

Moreover, when any attempt is made to bleach or otherwise change the color of the hair that does not work through the system it will be found that the process must be gone over again, month after month, as the hair grows and as the effects of the process wear off, until she who has once made the trial grows thoroughly weary and would gladly have her tresses back in their original condition, if such a thing were possible.

But having once begun, it must be kept up.

Red haired people who attempt to darken the color of their hair or make it less fiery by generous applications of oil commit a great mistake.

Whatever they gain, or think they gain, by thus darkening its tint they lose in the disgusting appearance the oil gives. It is a great deal better to keep it soft and glossy by proper care.

Sandy locks can frequently be made to take on a rich golden tinge by keeping the scalp well cared for and vigorously brushing the hair.

Long, drooping lashes are greatly desired by most ladies. Their growth will be stimulated by carefully trimming the ends every other day—a proceeding that should be carefully performed with tiny scissors, barely clipping but a hair's breadth from the ends.

But the eyebrows must not be trimmed, as it makes them shaggy and uneven. There are numerous ointments that are said to possess the virtue of making the eyelashes grow, but their beneficial properties are very doubtful.

And, moreover, some of them are actually injurious to the eyes.

If it is desired to prevent the tendency of the eyebrows to meet the contact may be avoided by pulling out the hairs every morning regularly when the toilet is made.

If they spread irregularly, pinch the hairs together where thickest.

If the eyebrows are thin, the growth of the hairs may be made thicker by brushing and rubbing the brows every day with a fine brush.

The first requisite for a clear, pleasing complexion is good health, though there may be good health without a fine complexion.

But given this and a proper care of the face, and every woman may banish from her toilet table every sort of cosmetic. And sometimes, even when the general health is not of the best, the only unpleasing effect upon the complexion is that it will lack that healthful tone which forms one of the chief elements of its beauty.

However, there are few women who cannot possess with the exercise of a little care and trouble, a complexion more beautiful and pleasing than any they can get out of a box, and which will have the inestimable advantage of being always ready for use.

THE FARM HOME.—Some one truly says the home of the farmer has never been what it might be. The children on the farm have not found it as pleasant as it could be and should be. The parents have not been the best companions for their children. Farmers have carefully and willfully made farm life repellent to the rising generation. Ignorance in the performance of labor has made the hand grow weary. Failure to cultivate the mind has made the culture of the soil a servitude. The opportunities of the farmer for broad, deep and intellectual training are always within his own neighborhood and under his own control.

PETER FUNK.—Peter Funk was originally a person employed at auction sales to bid in collusion with the owner of the property to be sold. Nowadays all persons thus employed are known by this fictitious title.

Lord Chesterfield, the pink of politeness in his day, said that a true gentleman should be always suaviter in modo, fortiter in re, which means, mild in manner, strong in action. This is precisely the character of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Nothing operates so mildly and yet so powerfully in removing disease.

Scientific and Useful.

DAMPNESS.—A good metallic paint mixed in pure linseed-oil will protect a wall from dampness as well as any paint can do it.

INVISIBLE INK.—A good invisible or sympathetic ink may be made of chloride of cobalt. On exposure to the heat the letters appear of a greenish color.

LEATHER.—A simple means for testing the quality of leather consists in watching its behavior when treated with acids—preferably acetic acid. Leather not completely saturated with the tannin will swell up; but, if the tannin has penetrated, the leather will not swell.

COPPER IN BREAD.—Bakers have been suspected of using sulphate of copper to whiten their bread. Mons. Gatippe, however, points out that the detection of copper in bread is no proof that it was improperly introduced, since copper exists normally in all plants, and particularly in wheat.

PURE WATER.—To test the purity of water, put half a pint in a perfectly clean bottle; add a few grains of lump sugar; make tight—a glass stopper preferred. Place the bottle in a warm, well-lighted room. If it remains clear after an exposure of eight to ten days, it is safe to use; but if it becomes turbid it is surely impure and unsafe to drink.

WOOD, COAL AND PETROLEUM.—An English scientist has made a careful comparison of the cost of wood, anthracite coal, and petroleum as fuel for locomotives on Russian railways, and finds that petroleum is at least fifty per cent., more economical than either wood or coal. The oil presents the further advantage of giving rise to much less smoke and dirt than the other kinds of fuel.

TO EBONIZE PINE.—Wash the wood with a boiling decoction of log-wood three or four times, allowing it to dry between each application. Then wash it with a solution of acetate of iron, which is made by dissolving iron filings in vinegar. The stain is very black, and penetrates to a considerable depth into the wood, so that ordinary scratching or chipping does not show the original color.

FOUR PURSUITS.—The *American Silk and Fruit Culturist* classes silk, poultry, honey and fruit together, claiming that on small farms the orchard cannot only be made profitable for fruit but will allow of being occupied with advantage by poultry, while the bee hives may take up a small portion also. During the season for silk worms that industry can be made a remunerative one, and the hedge of osage orange will furnish leaves for feeding the worms. For a family of limited means the four pursuits can be combined with greater profit than can be procured from any one of them alone.

Farm and Garden.

POTATOES.—As soon as potatoes commence to blossom all cultivation should cease, because if the earth is stirred after that time a large number of small tubers will surely be the result.

NO LEGS, NO HORSE.—The feet and legs of horses require more care than the rest of the body. They must not be allowed to stand in filth and moisture, and in grooming a horse the feet and legs must be as thoroughly brushed and cleaned as a coat. A little oil-cake meal mixed with the food will give a glossiness.

SUNFLOWERS.—Sunflower seed is one of the best egg-producing foods know for poultry, keeping them in a thriving condition and largely increasing the production of eggs. Every poultry raiser who tries it will find that this seed is excellent for glossing the plumage of fowls, and is almost indispensable to those who want to fit their birds for exhibition to the best advantage.

WORKING BULLS.—Why not work the bulls? It is no wonder that bulls so often become vicious. They have nothing to do but to "study" deviltry. For some inexplicable reason, they are considered too good for any sort of labor. In this age of rapidly doing things, we do not expect to see an increase of the use of oxen on the farm. But we have the bulls, and if working them will not only do them no harm, but will have a tendency to make them more harmless, why not put them under the yoke?

YOUNG TREES.—Young trees planted this spring should be watched and their form regulated by pinching the shoots that push too vigorously, and by breaking off the shoots which start where branches are not needed. A little care given to trees while young will make later pruning unnecessary. A graft should be regarded as a tree planted in another tree, instead of in the soil, and its growth, needs to be regulated by proper pinching. Often the growth from a bud will be very vigorous. If the top of this be pinched, it will become stocky and throw out side branches.

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ON THE SIDE OF GOOD.

There is no doubt that what we desire to find in humanity, we shall find. If we look for faults and errors, we shall soon discover them; if we watch for noble deeds, kindly impulses, and pure motives, they too will answer to our call. But let us bear in mind that on whichever side we lay the emphasis, that is the side we are aiding and encouraging. Wherever our thoughts dwell, there will our influence be directed. Nothing seems more thoroughly to foster evil than to linger lovingly upon its details; nothing so quickly dissipates it as total neglect. Let us throw ourselves on the side of the good by welcoming it with gladness wherever it may exist, and cultivating a warm sympathy which alone can give us such a knowledge of human nature as may enable us to attain to anything like justice either in judging or in suspending judgment.

In the cultivation of this sympathy, particularly in our own homes, we will find sociality is the best corrective of that serious and prolonged absorption in business or thought, or cares, which is so detrimental. The rest taken in solitude, after working hours are over, permits the mind still to pursue one beaten track. The easy-chair and blazing fire may be tempting to the weary toiler, but they do not force his thoughts into other channels, or compel him to lay aside the train of ideas that has for long been working in his brain. Society, on the contrary, forbids such unwholesome indulgence. She insists upon a total change of mind and manner during her short reign. She calls for variety, vivacity, imagination—if possible, wit and humor, or at least a cheerful interest in that of others, and all on the side of good. She banishes accustomed seriousness of mind, the brooding over familiar topics, even the earnestness of strong emotion. For a short time all these are forced to give way to the lighter play of fancy, the excitement of popular interest, and the development of sympathy with others upon unfamiliar and varied subjects. Thus the mind is refreshed and invigorated, unused faculties are brought into exercise, and the lost balance restored by a gentle compulsion that no one desires to resist.

Moreover, the habit is in the direction of that thoroughness and straightforwardness by which the path of duty is made really easier and safer than any of the most plausible and cunningly-devised middle courses. The weak compliances of those who think to show their moderation by halting and wavering near the boundaries of right and wrong, will always be used to the hurt of the wavering soul. To the invisible powers who wield the weapon of temptation, such concessions will be as the joints of the harness through which Ahab received his mortal wound; but the bow will be drawn, not at a venture, but with cruel clearness of aim.

SANCTUM CHAT.

To make the question of food at almshouses satisfactory, the guardians of the City of London Union have decided that the officers should be "required to eat the same meat as they supplied to the paupers."

—

In 1860 the best railroad time between New York and New Orleans was five days, and a passenger had to make nine changes, many of them long rides from depot to depot. In 1869 the time was reduced to four days; in 1873 to three and a half days, and in 1879 to three days, and only one change. Now the time has been brought down to fifty-eight hours.

—

By going a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend on the corner, by meeting this friend or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the word, "Providence."

—

Some fishermen in Scotland were severely beaten with sticks and stones by a mob of strict Sabbatarians for landing their nets on Sunday. For this violent breach of peace and of the Sunday laws, the strict Sabbatarians were sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, in a letter demanding their release, expresses the hearty wish that "we had a people in England good enough to be capable of this Scotch crime—the crime of fearing God so much as to use violence for the preservation of the peace and dignity of His day."

—

At the recent Mormon conference in Salt Lake City, some two hundred missionaries were sent out, making three hundred and fifty for the year. Of these, one hundred go to the Southern States, whence two hundred converts have been forwarded recently to Colorado. Some idea of the despotism of Mormonism may be seen in the fact that, with a population of 125,000, there are more than 22,000 church officials.

—

Alexander III. is the despair of opera managers in St. Petersburg. Once the Czar was a boon to them; for the announcement that he would "honor the performance," was sure to crowd the house. But now the mere suspicion that he may attend scares the public away; for they see visions of bombs, dynamite and sudden death. Yet the Emperor cannot be asked to stay away from the performances.

—

A writer in "The Popular Science Monthly" propounds the theory that a change of climate is taking place in this country from electrical disturbances. He believes that "radical changes are taking place in our atmosphere and climate; that the construction of great railroad belts across the continent and the erection of a vast network of telegraph and telephone wires exert an influence upon the atmosphere by disturbing the equilibrium of electric forces."

—

A landlady at a fashionable resort the past summer seriously questioned whether it would be an advantage to her boarding-house to keep a piano. She finally put the question to her boarders. They unanimously agreed a piano is liable to become a nuisance; that, while occasional musicians are gifted enough to make it a pleasure, there are too few of these in existence to compensate for the daily misery that would be inflicted by children who drum and bang, and by young ladies who torture and mangle good music beyond recognition.

—

Out of every 1,000 Parisians only 322 are born in the metropolis, while 39 come from the other communes of the department, 566 from the various departments of colonies, and 75 from foreign countries. Other Continental capitals do not contain so many foreigners as Paris, Berlin only possessing 18 out of 1,000, and Pesth but 14. At the time of the census of 1881, there were in Paris 45,281 Belgians, 31,190 Germans, 21,577 Italians, 28,810 Swiss, 10,789 English, 9,250 Dutch, 5,927 Americans, 5,786 Russians, 4,932 Austrians, and over 3,500 Spaniards.

—

Geo. Wm. Curtis says of women in journalism: "The nature of the work is not changed by the fact that it is a woman who undertakes it. It may be done better, more delicately, more shrewdly, more honestly, but it is the same qualities, whether the worker be man or woman. Yet, as there are some branches of work on a newspaper which men would not care to undertake, such as that relating to fashions, domestic employments and work of that sort, so there are branches which would not be agreeable for woman. But there is enough work for both man and woman on a newspaper."

—

The Egyptians are indifferent to death if it comes to them in the shape of cholera. The natives take no sanitary precautions at all, except when they are compelled. They would crowd like flies around the body of one of their saints or holy men without the slightest dread of infection. They wear clothes left by relations whom the malady has just carried off, showing even more courage than the merchants who are so anxious to bring Egyptian rags to this country. They still devour the flesh of animals which have perished by a natural death, and what they cannot eat they throw into canals, of which they then drink the water.

—

In the cotton establishments of M. Besselievre, near Rouen, the system of admitting workmen to a share of profits has been applied with much success. M. Besselievre does not give his hands a share in the management and risk of his business. He keeps his books to himself, and pays them wages, as though they were ordinary laborers. But in addition to the wages he has since 1877 distributed among all workmen who have been in his service five years an annual bonus proportionate to his own profits, which have amounted on the average to 12, and even 17, per cent. of the wages earned by them during the year. Half of this bonus is paid to the men in cash, and half is retained to form a sick pension fund for the families of the workmen.

—

We, as a people came naturally by our prodigality. Abundant resources will make any man careless if they have come to his hand without any effort of his own. We have been in much the same condition of mind as the savage who kills a buffalo merely that he may eat the tongue. But the east, now that fish have deserted its rivers, the trees are gone from its hillsides, and much of its soil is worn out, is enough alarmed to attempt reformation! It seems too early for the west to come to its senses; but if the work of slaughtering game, destroying forests, and over-tasking the land is continued at its present rate, "the granary of the world" may yet be unable to do more than care for the needs of its own people.

—

According to a correspondent of a prominent London paper, the method of baby education and maternal discipline are much the same in Central Africa as elsewhere. The babies squall terribly. When a mother can stand it no longer, she takes the child, and, giving it a preliminery shake, demands to know if it is going to be good. This is the first time of asking, and no infant of spirit would yield so soon, so its reply is generally defiant. Then it is again taken and shaken well, but now its strangled sobs and agitation prevent an intelligible reply to the repeated question. A terrific up-and-down shaking follows, and the apoplectic babe can only give an inarticulate gurgle to its indignant mother's thrice-repeated inquiry. Whereupon it is solemnly and soundly smacked, to the satisfaction and ultimate tranquility of the lookers-on.

—

It is asserted by a magazine writer that few, if any, artisans, or even skilled workmen can earn as much in London as the Italian organ-grinder, and this in spite of the fact that he is always being majestically put down. His daily receipts vary according to the districts in which he works, and the time of year. Some organs, set to new and popular tunes, are very extensively patronized; but $5 a day is given as the average an enterprising organ-grinder can earn, and a dollar and a quarter as the very least he can pick up. As an organ can be hired for about thirty-seven cents a day, and the capital required to invest in a new one is only $125, it is clearly shown that the profession of organ-grinder is not without its compensations. It costs about $10 or $20 to set an organ to new tunes, but this is an expense which brings in an immediate result.

—

American women may not be as robust as those of other countries; they usually are much slighter in build. But strength is not always to the stout, no more than the race is always to the swift. They have vigorous, wiry constitutions, capable of almost any amount of endurance. It is a false and unwarranted assumption to represent them as a nation of weaklings. Take the young women in any of our colleges, who surely are representative groups, gathered from all directions, and it is the exception to find among them one who is weakly. The majority of them will become slender and delicate-looking, but, at the same time their actual physical condition is that of almost perfect health, boundless vigor and vitality. And among older women much the same thing is true, though not so generally. Debility and sickness will be found much oftener among them, but not often enough to warrant the frequently-expressed opinion that the American woman is sick. On the contrary, the American woman is an exceptionally strong and vigorous specimen of the feminine sex, and all these mournful and pitying sentiments that have passed current as truth for so long, just because they have been so often repeated, are entirely mistaken and uncalled for.

A ROMANCE.

She didn't like me when we met—
  But turned away and pouted;
'Twas very cool, I own, to get
At first a snub so final, yet
  I clung to hope, and doubted.

Strange as it seems, a few short weeks
  Confirmed my sanguine guesses;
I came to understand her freaks,
And even dared to kiss her cheeks
  And stroke her golden tresses.

So time went on, and as we grew
  To know each other better,
She bravely learned to kiss me too;
And when she strangely tried to woo,
  Somehow I used to let her.

The privilege still yet is mine
  With kiss her lips to smother;
Still round my neck she likes to twine
Her soft white arms. I'll drop a line
  I guess, and ask her mother.

This rhyme produces envy—strife,
  Within your reason maybe!
So let me take a leaf from life;
Her mother is my darling wife,
  And she my blessed baby.

Why They Forgave Her.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

NO one seemed to know what had become of Rex Outram; no one knew how it was he had dropped out of society soon after the commencement of the season.

His male friends exclaimed and wondered—Outram was such a jolly good fellow they said; one of those men who could enjoy life without rushing into extremes or debt; and having plenty of money to spend, was liberal without being extravagant.

The young ladies of his acquaintance protested that it was a horrid bore to lose him just as he would have been so useful!

No one played croquet or lawn-tennis better than Rex Outram; and no one was more universally agreeable at a water-party or a picnic.

Why could he not have stayed quietly in London till everyone else left it?

Some said he was in Paris, but no one had seen him there; others that he had joined an exploring party to the interior of Africa; but nobody believed it, any more than they did a report that he had gone with a famous aeronaut to try whether the North Pole could be reached with a balloon.

Then there was a whisper afloat of awful import, i.e., that Rex—handsome, agreeable, wealthy Rex—had made a low marriage and disgraced himself irremediably.

But this was so indignantly contradicted by his relatives, that it could not be true; and again the question was asked, where was he?

Strangely enough, he was no farther off than Erlyn, a fishing village on the Cornish coast, not sufficiently come-at-able to be well known, and with no chance of ever expanding into a fashionable resort, as all the property around the bay pertained to a couple of grim spinsters, who disapproved of gaiety in any shape, and would not sell a foot of their land for building purposes.

What was Rex Outram doing here?

It is true that a cousin of his, a married clergyman with a chronic relaxed throat, fancied that he gained relief from the soft but bracing air of Erlyn, and was spending a few weeks here.

Rex was too honest to pretend that it was for the sake of the Rev. Maurice Thavies he had deserted London and all its delights.

It was a whim that had brought him hither, he averred, with a laugh that had nothing mirthful in it, when he dropped upon the Thavies as if from the clouds; but they liked him, and made him welcome, Mrs. Thavies with some trouble persuading the landlady to fit up a little chamber on the roof for the bachelor guest.

And here he had been ever since, sometimes strolling over the hills with the reverend Maurice, sometimes searching for anemones on the shore with his lady and the merry children; but most frequently stepping into a boat he had chartered, and pulling across the bay, to land, when he was tired, at the foot of one or other of the bold headlands sheltering it, and there smoking and musing till nightfall drove him back to the village.

That he was oppressed with some trouble gentle Mrs. Thavies soon divined, and she confided her suspicions to her spouse; but his only reply was to bid her let Rex alone.

Whatever his grief or vexation might be, he had not rushed into dissipation to seek forgetfulness; and till he chose to speak, those who loved him must be silent too.

So Rex went his own way, and did not seem any better for it; in fact, Mrs. Thavies thought he was growing moodier and more unsociable than ever.

She fancied, too, that he was losing strength as well as spirits when she watched him one morning, as he rowed away from the little landing-place, pulling languidly or resting on his oars and letting the currents carry him where they listed, till the rocks hid him from her sight as he drifted into a tiny cove about two miles from the very narrow strip of sand constituting the only beach of which Erlyn could boast.

It was a sunny day in June, and perhaps the heat made Rex Outram lazy, for on stepping out of his boat he sought a shady nook between a couple of tall boulders, and lying down, tilted his hat over his eyes and folded his arms under his head, and went to sleep.

A merry girlish laugh awoke him, and a glance at his watch and another at the sun told him what he found it hard to believe, that his slumber must have lasted for a couple of hours, or even longer.

By George! he must make haste if he intended to keep his promise to join the Thavies at their eight-o'clock dinner; and he had just raised himself on his elbow, when the laugh that had aroused him was repeated, and this time so near that he frowned and bit his lip.

It was the first time this cave had had any visitors but himself, though it was one of the loveliest spots near Erlyn, but the difficulty of clambering over and amongst the rocks was so great that ladies rarely attempted to reach it; and it was positively startling when the sound of voices informed him that two, if not more, of the fair sex had been brave enough to accomplish the undertaking.

"Not another step shall you drag me," said one of the speakers, panting for breath.

"I must have been mad to let you tempt me so far."

"Not mad, only adventurous," was the gay reply.

"Remember, auntie, you were the first to propose a scrambling walk in this direction, and I am sure you have been as reluctant to turn back as I have."

With a sound between a sigh and a groan, the elder lady admitted this, adding ruefully, "But it was very foolish of me; and how I am to get back again I can't imagine.

"My ankles are swelling, my gloves are spoiled, my knees and arms are quite stiff, my boots are ruined—only look at them, Cora! and I ache all over."

"Poor dear auntie, if such a walk as this is too much for you, what would your suffering have been if I had yielded to your wishes and we had gone with the Newtons to pedestrianize in the Tyrol!" was the merry reply.

"But never mind; you'll feel all right again when you have had a good rest; and we shall find it ever so much cooler on our return.

"Besides, we have gained experience and shall know what rocks to avoid and which to jump over, so sit down and let me fan you."

"Sit down; ay, but where?

"These wretched stones don't offer a very comfortable resting-place," said her aunt, peevishly.

"Shall I strew them with seaweed for you?" asked Cora Haverston, mischievously, holding up on the end of her parasol a mass of tangled, slimy bladder-weed.

"How can you be so absurd, child!" cried Mrs. Letheby, who tried to be good-tempered.

"Are there no sands here?"

Now, the only strip was the one on which Rex Outram was laying, and he stirred uneasily when he heard the inquiry.

Although screened at present by a couple of masses of stones, the ladies must soon discover him if they attempted any exploration; so he sank back in his former attitude, and drew his hat over his eyes once more.

They might see him, but they should not have the chance of knowing him—a chance he was all the more anxious to avoid, as their voices sounded so familiar that his heart, much to his own chagrin—was throbbing painfully.

There was a startled exclamation; had either of the ladies climbed round the boulders and discovered him?

It was Mrs. Letheby who had uttered it, and her first words told him that he was in error.

"Oh, Cora! look, my love; there is the dearest of little boats anchored behind this rock.

"Quite a fairy skiff.

"Help me to step into it, and then I can lie down in the bottom of it, and ease my aching limbs."

"But suppose the owner should be anywhere near?" queried Cora, doubtfully.

"I hope he is! I'm sure I hope he is," was the fervent response.

"He shall row us back to the landing-place, and I'll pay him whatever he chooses to ask."

"It doesn't look like a fisherman's boat; at least not exactly," Cora averred, as she examined it.

"Now, my dear, how can you know that?" retorted Mrs. Letheby, with some irritation.

"You, who only came to Erlyn yesterday, and never stayed at a fishing village before.

"I can assure you some of the men are very proud of their craft as they call them, and are always painting and decorating them."

"But where can the man be to whom this craft belongs?"

"Catching crabs or lobsters, I suppose, somewhere or other along this coast," Mrs. Letheby replied.

"I shall not mind waiting for him now, I am so comfortable.

"Come and sit beside me, love; then you can hold your parasol so as to shade us both."

Rex Outram smiled sarcastically as he changed his position, and took up a fresh one that enabled him to obtain a glimpse of the fair pirates, who had taken possession of the "Saucy Nancy," thus rendering him virtually a prisoner; unless, indeed, he chose to make them aware of his presence, which he was firmly resolved not to do.

His smiles soon gave place to a frown, and there was a sorrowful droop at the corners of his mouth as he gazed at a picture with which an artist would have been delighted.

The wide expanse of sky and sea, the latter flecked with the white sails of a fleet of fishing-vessels sailing away to their fishing-grounds, to throw their nets ere the night closed in; and in the foreground the tiny cove, the boat rocking gently on the rippling waters, and last and fairest of all, the girlish figure seated in it, her face all aglow, the light of the sun that was sinking into the west shining upon her brown hair, from which she had removed her hat, and defining sharply the lissom grace of her attitudes, which were as charming as they were unstudied.

Was it right to watch her thus?

Perhaps not.

But then Rex reminded himself that she was the intruder, not he; and as it was impossible to beat a retreat without being discovered, why, he elected to stay where he was.

A little while, and he was indulging in another peep; and now one well-shaped hand was shading a pair of lovely bluish-gray eyes which were bent on the distant vessels.

Rex's features were beginning to assume a look of passionate regret, when a movement of those slender fingers made a circlet of rubies worn on one of them flash and sparkle vividly.

With a wrathful growl he laid himself down, vowing neither to look or listen again.

He might not do the former, but while he stayed where he was how could he close his ears entirely?

Cora Haverston, with her face still turned towards the sea, was addressing her aunt in graver tones than she had previously adopted.

"When I went to have my bath this morning, auntie, I made a discovery that was not a pleasant one.

"The Thavies, Mr. Outram's cousins, are here."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Letheby, "how very unfortunate!"

"Is it? Why?

"They do not know me, nor if they did would I allow myself to be driven away," Cora retorted, defiantly.

"Of course not, dear—of course not; but as your acquaintance with Mr. Outram is at an end, it might be advisable to avoid them."

Cora heard this with a laugh that sounded hard and reckless.

"Do you think so? I do not!

"Why should I avoid people who are nothing and can be nothing to me?

"If Mr. and Mrs. Thavies are civil, I shall imitate so good an example; if not, we can continue to be strangers."

"I'd rather go back to Weymouth and await Vance's arrival there," said Mrs. Letheby, anxiously.

"But I would not.

"Fashionable watering-places are detestable, whether it's in season or out of season!"

"Poor dear Vance!" sighed her aunt.

"I daresay he is as vexed at this delay as we are!"

"Then why does he not put an end to it?" asked Cora.

"My dear, impatient darling, has he not explained to us in his letters that he is detained by a sick friend, whom it would be cruel to leave till he is out of danger?"

The unseen auditor, who knew Mr. Vance Letheby tolerably well, made a grimace of incredulity, but Vance's unconscious mother purred in:—

"Poor boy! it's very trying for him, isn't it?

"As soon as he is able to join us, we will go to Matlock. You will be delighted with Matlock."

"Yes," said Cora, absently.

"Vance was born in that neighborhood, as you know, and it has long been his pet dream to wander about the haunts of his boyhood with you."

To this there was no reply.

Was it because the subject of Vance's tender reminiscences was not as interesting to his cousin as his mother wished it to be?

"By the way, love," she went on presently, "I promised that you should read his last letter; but you must pledge yourself to return it.

"Not even to you can I spare my boy's loving letters!

"I wonder whether you count the hours of his absence as impatiently as I do?"

"I shall be very glad to see my cousin," said Cora, quietly.

"What lovely clouds are gathering in the south-west!"

"I hope they don't presage a storm," Mrs. Letheby observed.

"Vance was always devoted to you, Cora, even when you were but a child.

"Do you remember how he used to be your champion and protector whenever you were in trouble?"

"I recollect him eating all my apples," laughed her niece, "and how I hated him for his greediness."

"Ah! you must remind him of the incident, and let him atone for it, as I know he will be all eagerness to do.

"I wonder how it is we always talk of Vance as soon as we get into conversation. I shall have to chide you for it, love; you shouldn't encourage a doting mother in her folly!"

Rex Outram ground his teeth and buried his clenched hands in the sand.

He would not hear more; this girl, this Cora Haverston, had spoiled his life; had lured him to her feet with her bashful smiles and modestly-evinced preference, but only to jilt him as soon as he would have made her his wife.

To have been so mocked and befooled was torture even when he had told himself that she was so young, so inexperienced, that she might scarcely have comprehended the greatness of the suffering she had inflicted; but it was doubly painful to learn that his affections had been played with, and his honorable proposals rejected for the sake of Vance Letheby, a puppy and a spendthrift, whose debts had driven him to accept employment in one of the colonies, and who, if he became the husband of Cora Haverston, would, unless strangely altered, squander her little fortune and break her heart.

"It is no business of mine!" Rex kept saying to himself.

"She accepts him—she wears the ring he has sent her; she rejects me, and I must submit.

"What a weak-minded idiot I must be to suffer as I am now doing! Why cannot I step boldly forward and let her see that I can despise as much as I once adored her?"

But this required an effort to which he was scarcely equal.

One glance in those gray-blue eyes, one quiver of those rosy lips, and all his philosophy would be put to flight.

He must stay where he was till Mrs. Letheby was sufficiently rested and had taken her departure, and on the morrow he would pack his portmanteau and bid Erlyn a long adieu.

Mrs. Letheby had slid the letter into her niece's hand and then composed herself for a nap, but Cora did not unfold it; she had fallen into a reverie, and sat silent and abstracted till a sharp jerk nearly threw her off her seat and awoke her companion.

What did it mean?

Ah, Heaven! the boat, too carelessly secured by Rex, was floating away with the receding tide.

Already jagged rocks, hitherto unseen, lay between the cove and the waves that were bearing them rapidly from the shore.

"Don't be frightened!" said Cora, when her aunt, discovering what had happened, began to pierce the air with her screams.

"Pray don't be frightened; I don't think there's much cause for alarm."

As she spoke she cast a forlorn glance at the solitary coast and sombre cliffs, and wished herself safe at Erlyn.

"See, auntie, here are oars, and I believe I can row a little.

"If you will but be quiet and sit still, we may do very well."

Forcing a smile to her pale lips, she seized the oars, and began making an attempt to run back to the cove.

But a gentleman now sprang into sight, and hailed the occupants of the boat with frantic gestures that seemed to forbid it.

"Keep off the rocks!" he shouted.

"Keep off the rocks, and make for Erlyn!"

Cora comprehended immediately why the advice was given, and the necessity of following it.

The light skiff, if driven against those needle-like points that bristled up in all directions, would be stove in, and neither she nor Mrs. Letheby could swim.

Instinctively she turned to reply to her advisor, and recognised him.

The shock deprived her of her presence of mind, and one of the oars dropped from her nerveless hand.

She murmured the name of Rex Outram: and as she gazed at him, half in anger, half in sorrow, her own peril was for a moment forgotten.

When she was recalled to herself by the distracted cries of Mrs. Letheby, the oar had floated out of reach, and they were helplessly at the mercy of the waters.

While Cora, more thoughtful for the frightened woman crouching at her feet than for herself, was bending over Mrs. Letheby, and endeavoring to calm her terrors, Rex Outram took a rapid but comprehensive survey of their position and his own.

No aid could be expected from Erlyn, for they were too far away from the village for the few who might still be loitering on the beach to discern what had happened.

Neither was there a vessel in sight of any description which a signal of distress would bring to their assistance, for the fishing-boats were now but tiny specks on the horizon.

Once carried out of the bay and tossed on the wilder waters of the ocean, what would become of the frail boat and the unfortunates it contained?

Swiftly these thoughts flashed through his mind; and yet more swiftly his boots and coat were flung off, and he was swimming towards the skiff.

Cora seeing what he was about, held out her arms, sobbing a prayer to him to come quickly.

But the next moment the selfish impulse that dictated the entreaty had passed away, and she stood up in the boat, till angrily pulled down into her seat by her aunt, begging him to return to the shore.

"Do not risk your life!" she cried.

"Why should you perish too? Save yourself, and—farewell!"

But her words only stimulated him to fresh exertions: and when she saw this, she strove with the oar that still remained to stay the onward progress of the boat, and if possible bring it nearer to the swimmer. This she contrived to effect in some measure, though it was done so clumsily, that the boat rocked, the water dashed over Mrs. Letheby, and she shrieked and bewailed herself more lamentably than before.

"What are you doing?" she moaned.

"No, no; you must not let him come on board.

"The skiff is so small that his weight will swamp it! Make for Erlyn—why don't you make for Erlyn as he bade you?"

To all this Cora made no reply.

Her eyes were fixed on the brave man who was now buffeting the waves with flagging strength; who at one minute seemed so near that she was ready to extend her hand and help him in, yet at the next seemed farther away.

Then her frantic efforts would appear to do more harm than good, and hope began to fail her utterly, for Rex, encumbered with his clothes, had thrown himself on his

back and was floating like a log, as if he had relinquished all expectation of reaching the boat.

But he was only resting; only recruiting himself for a final effort, which might, however, have been unsuccessful if a cross-current, into which the boat had drifted, had not borne it towards him.

A few minutes—a breathless interval—and he had grasped the oar, and caused Mrs. Letheby a fresh access of terror as he scrambled over the side of the skiff, and lay in the bottom of it half fainting with his exertions.

And when he revived and sat up, to find the eyes of the aunt and niece eagerly watching his pale face, what comfort could they gather from it?

So little, that Mrs. Letheby began to wring her hands, and ask him why he came to them if he could do no good?

"What else could I do?" he asked, quietly, as he possessed himself of the oar.

"Will you let me have your shawl, Mrs. Letheby?

"If I can rig up a sail this puff of wind may float us towards Choughs Island, a mass of rock just off the mouth of the bay."

"But what will be the use of that? We cannot pass the night on a desolate rock!" she cried, fretfully.

"We shall be safer there than if we let the tide carry us out to sea, especially as there are signs of a storm brewing," was the reply, and Mrs. Letheby sank back in her former position, leaning on Cora, and piteously asking why, oh! why she had allowed herself to be beguiled into that boat, ignoring the fact that she had been the first to step into it.

Her niece was very patient, very considerate, and though fear had blanched her cheeks, not by word or gesture were they betrayed.

With the gathering twilight a mist began to rise from the sea and obscure everything around them, so that they were menaced with a new danger.

They might pass the rock without perceiving it, and then—ah! then what would become of them?

Denser grew the mist and darker the sky, one star alone glimmering far above the heads of the lonely watchers in the boat.

Even Mrs. Letheby was silent now, for she had exhausted herself, much to the relief of her companions, to whom her hysterical cries and exclamations had been most distressing.

But suddenly Rex Outram started to his feet.

He had caught a glimpse of Choughs Island!

Another minute and they would have been carried past it!

Springing from the boat, he succeeded, partly wading, partly swimming, in dragging it to a spot where the ladies could, with his assistance, climb up the steep side of the rock to a place of safety on the summit.

It was indeed a desolate spot.

In rough weather the waves dashed right over it, and any unfortunate who might seek shelter there must inevitably be swept off.

Mrs. Letheby wept as she gazed around her.

How long was it possible for them to exist here?

"Till morning, I hope," Rex replied, speaking cheerfully.

"Soon after dawn the fishermen will return to the bay, and I have no doubt that I shall be able to signal to one or other of them to come to our assistance."

"But if a storm should rise?" she queried, and he did not immediately reply.

When he did, it was to gravely remind her that they were in Heaven's hands, and must resign themselves to His will.

"It will be a dreadful night!" she said.

"It will kill me!

"Oh, Cora! how could you be so inconsiderate?"

Disgusted at her selfishness Rex walked away.

"Feeling thoroughly chilled by his wet garments, he walked to and fro on a level place of the rock till he had restored a little warmth to his body.

When he rejoined the ladies Mrs. Letheby, wrapped in Cora's jacket and her own shawl, had fallen asleep with her head on her niece's lap.

He looked down at Miss Haverston irresolutely.

She had won his admiration by the fortitude she had evinced, and it was barbarous to stand there and not treat her with the courtesy he would have bestowed on a stranger.

"I am afraid you are very cold," he observed.

"Yes," she answered, with a sigh and a shiver.

"Although it is a summer's night, the wind blows keenly here."

"I am sorry I cannot contrive you any kind of shelter."

"You must find your present position very fatiguing."

"I do," she said, faintly. "My limbs are cramped, but it would be cruel to awaken my aunt."

"Let me try if I cannot release you of her weight without disturbing her," and Rex dexterously transferred the lady's head and shoulders from the knees of her patient niece to a mass of sea-wrack left by the waves in a hollow of the rocks.

But Cora was so benumbed as to be unable to rise without his assistance, and she had to accept the support of his arm as he urged her to imitate his example and walk about.

"I shall always blame myself as the cause of this unfortunate occurence," he said, presently.

"You, Mr. Outram!"

"Yes.

"Had I secured my boat properly it would not have happened."

"But you had no idea that we—that anyone—would take possession of it."

"Neither would you had you known it was mine," he said, bitterly; to which Cora made no reply, but she withdrew her hand from his arm, saying, with frigid politeness, that she now felt able to stand alone.

"I regret—I very much regret," he exclaimed, in the same taunting accent, "that you should be exposed to the unpleasant necessity of accepting my assistance at all, or of spending six or seven hours in my society."

"You cannot regret it more than I do," Cora retorted.

"Though why you take that injured tone—you, who have treated me——but I disdain to revert to the past; and as we cannot avoid each other just at present, pray let us be civil.

"What do you think of the weather, Mr. Outram?

"Wasn't that a flash of lightning I saw just now?"

"Yes, and I have heard the rumbling of distant thunder for some time.

"But excuse me, Miss Haverston, if I insist on my right to defend myself. You know how much I love you."

"Or said you did, sir. At such a moment pray be truthful!"

"I love you more than words can express!" he exclaimed, so passionately that she found herself trembling as she heard him.

"I tried to tell you—ah! you must remember that evening—how dear you were to me; and when we were interrupted, I asked, and you gave me permission, to call upon you in the morning.

"And you never came!" cried Cora, with vehemence.

"You left me to be jeered at by my acquaintance.

"To be asked why you had left London so suddenly.

"To see them smile and exchange whispers at my expense when forced to say I did not know.

"Oh, Rex, it was heartless, it was unmanly!

"I can never forgive you!"

Weeping softly, she turned from him, but he followed her and insisted on being heard.

"On my honor, Cora, I assure you that I did seek you that morning, and when I sent up my name, was dismissed with a humiliating message which I can never forget—

"'On second thoughts, Miss Haverston must decline the interview she promised me!'

"These were the words; the cold, cruel words, that taught me how fickle you could be."

"I never sent any such message!"

"And yet it was brought to me by your own maid," Rex asseverated.

"She would not have dared to substitute

"She could have no object for so doing."

"There is some frightful mistake, or else you are ——"

"Deceiving you?

"Think so if you please.

"It is, as you observed, useless recurring to the past.

"I am learning to bear my disappointment with philosophy, and you appear to have found no difficulty in filling my place."

"Your remark is impertinent, sir," said Cora, haughtily.

"Then I apologise for it, Miss Haverston.

"I was not aware that my allusion to Mr. Vance Letheby would offend you."

Cora began to make some reply, but checked herself and returned to her aunt, who was now awake and staring at the darkening sky.

Flash after flash of lightning began to follow one another in quick succession, and every peal of thunder was louder and more terrific.

Unable to escape from it, exposed to all the fury of the elements, the trio on the lonely rock were now in pitiable plight, and if rain followed the thunder it would be more pitiable still.

Even Rex was awed and anxious.

Mrs. Letheby, always a coward in a storm, entirely lost her self-control.

Kneeling at the feet of Cora, and hiding her face in her niece's skirts, she sobbed and raved and would not be silenced.

"This is the punishment I have deserved for my sins!" she cried.

"As soon as I saw Mr. Outram, I knew I should be found out.

"But don't let him be too hard upon me, Cora—pray don't! It was for Vance, wholly for Vance.

"I knew that if he married you, you would make a good man of him.

"I am his mother, and it was a dreadful temptation.

"Forgive me—oh! forgive me!"

"What is it you would have us forgive?" Rex Outram demanded, as he bent over her, eagerly noting every word she uttered.

"Oh! don't torture me with such questions and at such a moment," moaned she.

"It was not premeditated, it was not, indeed.

"I only—only felt unable to resist embracing the opportunity; and it was for my dear boy.

"Yes, Cora, for my dear boy."

"Tell Miss Haverston what it was you did.

"Nay, I insist upon it!" cried Rex, sternly.

"In your terror you may speak the truth.

"When the storm is over you will put us off with an evasion."

It seemed cruel to urge her now, but she had given him reason to suspect that to her double-dealing he owed his separation from her niece, and this made him pitiless.

"What did I do!

"Ah, can you not hide me from this fearful tempest?

"Oh! it was nothing, a mere nothing.

"I only substituted another card for Mr. Outram's.

"It troubled me so to lose all chance of my dear boy winning his cousin's affections.

"You know he was always fond of you, Cora

"When that man who wanted to get your subscription for his poems came to beg for an interview, just at the same moment that Mr. Outram's card was sent up, how could I resist making the exchange?"

Though shocked to find that she had been the victim of such perfidy, Cora was a true woman, and thought only of soothing the miserable creature who clung to her, overwhelmed by the thought of her own treachery.

But Rex Outram was of sterner material.

He walked moodily away.

He had learned the truth too late, and rued the haste with which he had fled from London, instead of seeking Cora and insisting upon his right to receive his rejection, if he was rejected, from her own lips.

Not even when he heard Cora's step approaching did he look round.

"My aunt is very ill," she faltered; "her terrors have quite prostrated her, and if we are not rescued soon she will die!"

"The storm is nearly over, and day will soon dawn.

"That is the only consolation I can give you, Miss Haverston."

"But you can give more, much more to poor aunt.

"It would ease her mind greatly if you would say that you forgive her."

"I might for all she has made me suffer!" he exclaimed with a groan.

"At least I would try, for she is a woman and a mother.

"But I cannot forget that she has spoiled your life by inducing you to betroth yourself to Vance Letheby.

"If I was unworthy of you, Cora—I who reverenced as much as I loved you, and strove to become better and purer for your sweet sake—what is he?"

"Who tells you that I am engaged to my cousin Vance?" inquired Miss Haverston, softly.

"It is commonly reported, and your actions have confirmed it.

"You stay at Erlyn to await his return, knowing that his mother destines you for him.

"You wear his ring on your finger—I saw it there a few hours ago."

"I have let the world say what it would," she replied, "because I had grown careless of its opinions.

"I have gone wherever aunt Letheby proposed, because she was kind to me, and I was sore at heart and needed kindness; and I have never looked upon Vance as a lover.

"As for this ring, it is the gift of your sisters and—

Before she could utter another word she was clasped in the arms of Rex, and for a little while Mrs. Letheby, the tempest, and their very miserable position on the seagull-rock, all, all were ignored in the bliss of the reconciliation.

When the sky cleared and the moon came out, they made her as comfortable as they could, and then sat down side by side to watch for the dawn.

It came all too soon for the happy lovers, and it was with a feeling of regret that they saw the fishing-boats come gliding towards the bay.

Their signals were seen, and they were taken on board one of the vessels.

Mrs. Letheby was really ill for two or three days; but the first time Cora left her for an hour or two, to be introduced to Mrs. Thevies, she returned to find that her affectionate relative had risen during her absence, sent for a fly, and departed, leaving a pencilled line to the effect that, as her ungrateful niece intended to make an alliance of which she could never approve—Mr. Outram having behaved to her on the island most brutally—she had gone to meet her son, and Cora could, if she thought proper, transfer herself to the care of the prim couple for whom she was neglected.

Mrs. Thevies eagerly accepted so pleasant a charge; and as for the lovers, whom Mrs. Letheby had thought to sting by her parting words, they remembered that after all it was by her agency they were re-united; and this is why they cheerfully, heartily forgave her.

Why Suffer Pain?

When by using the Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., the chances are all in favor of your getting prompt relief; especially if the pain has its origin in nervous derangement. In Neuralgia, sick headache, and the various affections of which these are among the most distressing, this new treatment acts with remarkable promptness. Write for pamphlet giving information about this Treatment, and it will be sent.

At Cross Purposes.

BY J. E. T.

"DERMOT!" cried my father one morning as I entered the breakfast-room, where the other members of the family had already assembled, "you're a downright, idiot!"

"Indeed, sir!" I replied.

"May I ask how I have been fortunate enough to earn so distinguished an appellation?"

"Really, my dear Dermot," put in my mother, in her mildest and most persuasive voice, "you ought to have some consideration for your father's wishes, and your own advancement in life.

"You are the only son we have, and it is but natural that we should be anxious to see you comfortably settled down."

"Such an excellent chance—everybody says so," drawled my sister Kathleen, in her languid, laconic manner.

"Everybody's extremely kind, I'm sure," I retorted.

"But I have yet to learn to what I am indebted for the very kind and flattering remarks that assail me on all sides this morning."

The fact is, however, I knew very well.

We had been at a ball on the previous evening, and I had chosen to ignore the presence of a certain young lady whom my parents had more than once assured me was "the very thing."

"Dermot," my mother said, emphatically, "your treatment of Miss Rippleton last evening was simply disgraceful!

"And can it be possible, that it is your serious intention to let this brilliant match slip through your fingers, as it were?

"I will not believe it; 'twould be the act of a maniac!"

"Of course, my dear mother, if I'm a maniac, I cannot help it, any more than Miss Helen can prevent herself from admiring the beauty of terrestrial and celestial objects at one and the same moment."

"How can you be so uncharitable, my dear," murmured my mother.

"We ought not to look slightingly upon our neighbors on account of their little failings.

"'Tis true, one of poor Helen's eyes is somewhat twisted; but then, my dear boy, reflect how many times this blemish is cancelled by——"

"Oh, spare me, mother—in pity spare me!" I cried, beginning to get theatrical again.

"Do not, I beseech you, inflict me with a catalogue of Miss Rippleton's perfections.

"I know them, alas! but too well.

"Once for all, understand me, no earthly power could make me offer her my hand, and my heart is not mine to give!"

Then ensued a silence.

My father, mother and sister stared at me incredulously.

Too late I perceived that my enthusiasm had carried me beyond the limits of discretion.

Ten minutes later I had mounted the best horse in my father's stable, and was galloping over the country as though pursued by an army of ogres.

Does the reader wish to know whither I was bound?

I was going to see my wife.

Yes; I was a married man.

Two months previously I had stood at the altar with the prettiest little darling in all Monster.

The siren who had woven such a spell around a heart hitherto impervious to Cupid's insinuating whispers was the orphaned daughter of a village apothecary.

After the death of her father, which event had taken place some twelve months before I made her my own, Fanny M'Guire had formed a home with a maternal uncle, her only surviving relative.

This old gentleman I had been fortunate enough to save one dark winter's night on a lonely country road, from the clutches of a bully ruffian who had taken a fancy to his massive gold chain, and probably to his well-filled purse also.

Overflowing with gratitude, the poor man insisted upon my accompanying him to his home.

The consequences were natural.

I was presented to the beautiful Fanny M'Guire, fell in love with, and eventually asked her to become Mrs. Dermot O'Neil.

How vividly do I recall that delightful ride on the morning my story opens.

Ah, why did not some pitying zephyr whisper into my ear the tidings of the cruel blow that awaited me?

Why was my heart so light when it ought to have hung in my breast like a leaden plumb—heavy, motionless, dead?

Thinking only of the warm kisses and fond embraces that were soon to be my portion, I had ridden some ten or twelve miles when the cottage which served for the temporary abode of my wife appeared in sight.

Vine Cottage was a pretty, low roofed little building, whose whitewashed walls were almost hidden from view by the luxuriant foliage of the plant from which it took its name.

There was no other houses near, and we selected it on account of its lonely, isolated position.

As I drew near, I recognized the plump figure of honest Mrs. Lloyd standing in the shady porch.

This woman, an old family, I had in-

stalled with my wife, knowing that our secret would be safe in her keeping.

I was not slow to perceive, by the anxious look in Mrs. Lloyd's face as she advanced to me, that all was not well.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Lloyd?

"Has anything gone wrong?" I hastily demanded whilst dismounting from my horse.

"Matther is it?" repeated the woman, wringing her hand, and looking the picture of misery and despair.

"Ah, Mr. Dermot, how can I tell ye at all, at all?"

A dreadful thought rushed through my brain, and staggering against the gate, I could hardly find courage to say—

"Speak woman!

"My wife is dead—I see it in your eyes!"

"Yes, no!

"What dreadful thing am I about to hear?" I groaned.

Then by degrees I gathered from the weeping woman that my wife had deserted me—left me forever.

That very morning a gentleman had driven a gig to the door, and my wife, who had evidently expected him, had been assisted to the vacant seat by the stranger's side, and away they went.

We entered the cottage.

At any other time I suppose the intelligence of which she was the bearer would have annoyed me exceedingly; but, in the frame of mind I then was, no misfortune could have had much effect upon me.

Accordingly, when the good woman, with the longest of faces, informed me that my horse had broken loose from the tree to which I had secured him, and was already on his way home, I calmly replied that it was of no consequence, and expressed my determination of walking home.

Then, after taking a last fond look around the room, I turned and fled from the house.

Never for a moment losing sight of the dark cloud that had risen in the azure sky of my happiness, I plodded briskly along the lonely country road, by degrees losing all consciousness of the outer world, so wholly did my soul become engrossed by painful reflections.

I know not how long this mechanical sort of motion was kept up—probably over an hour.

However, my reverie was at length put to an end by the ringing sound of a horse's hoofs upon the hard, dry road.

I looked up sharply, and was surprised to see my own dog-cart coming towards me, and driven by one of the servants.

In an instant it occurred to me, for the first time, that they must have been uneasy at home when my truant horse reached Ballybruff, which by the bye, is the name of our house.

How could they tell, I asked myself remorsefully, that the pride and hope of the O'Neills was not lying dead or wounded in some out-of-the-way place, without a soul near to stretch forth a kindly hand to help him?

The first words that greeted me as the vehicle drew up at my side were—

"Thank Heaven, Mr. Dermot, I've found you alive!"

"How are they at home, Scarry?" I demanded, as I sprang into the carriage, took hold of the reins, and turned the horse's head in the direction of home.

"Are they anxious about me?"

"Anxious, is it?

"Why, sir, it's almost crazy they was when Spiderleg rushed up the avenue all besmeared with foam and dust, small blame to him!"

Scarry followed up these words with eager inquiries as to "how it all happened?"

I satisfied his curiosity, and in return he aggravated my pangs of remorse by telling me that mounted messengers had been despatched in all directions in search of me.

Weary and sad at heart, I was at last deposited on the steps leading to the ancient house of my forefathers.

My mother met me at the door, and received me in her arms as one arisen from the dead.

Before I had proceeded half way across the hall, the whole household, servants included, had gathered around me, as though I were some strange animal escaped from the menagerie.

"Don't go in there, Dermot," cried my mother, as I was moving half-bewildered from the rest, towards the common sitting room of the family.

"She is there."

"She!" I muttered stupidly.

"What's that?"

"Oh, dear, I forgot to tell you," said my mother, leading the way into a back parlor.

"It's strangest thing, Dermot!" interjected Kate.

"Some time after you went out this morning, my dear," proceeded my mother, "[illegible] arrived.

He's sure was I to see me, and granted [illegible]

"She appears to be a very [illegible] sort of [illegible] I thought too [illegible] for her position.

"Well, all went satisfactorily for some time.

"At length—could you believe it, Dermot?—we discovered that the governess is a raving maniac!

"We were first warned of Miss Bell's dreadful malady," continued my mother, "when your horrible horse tore past the window.

"Oh, the awful shriek she uttered!

"How it echoed through the house!

"Madness!" she then cried, falling at my feet, 'behold [illegible] murderess of your son—my husband!'

Then the poor creature commenced to weep and in a manner frightful to behold.

As my mother pronounced her last words, I started from the chair upon which I had sunk a few seconds before, and, with a wild, throbbing heart, rushed from the room, overturning everything that came in my way.

My bewildered relatives gave instant chase, thinking, no doubt, that another maniac was under their roof.

Swiftly I made for the sitting-room before mentioned, and, dashing open the door, made an unceremonious entrance.

Good heavens! could I believe my eyes?

There before me, reclining upon a sofa, her eyes closed, her face deadly pale, was my beautiful young wife.

"Fanny!" I cried, in a transport of joy, falling upon my knees before the sofa.

Instantly the eyelids of the supposed maniac unclosed, and a pair of great brown eyes made their appearance.

"Dermot, my husband!"

I remembered no more, for—ridiculous fact—I fainted, and, as I afterwards learnt [illegible] Fanny followed my dastardly example.

* * * * * *

When next I recovered consciousness, I was in my own bed.

I could hardly believe it possible, when I was told that I had suffered fever, and for that day I had hovered between life and death.

But the crisis was now passed, and I was pronounced out of danger.

Long before my recovery to health, my wife had won the hearts of every one in the house, even as she had won mine.

One lovely morning, during my convalescence, Fanny and I were sitting in the sunshine before the house, when the following conversation took place between us

"Fanny, who was the gentleman that drove you away from Vine Cottage that morning?"

"Still jealous?" she returned archly.

"Jealous, indeed!" I replied indignantly though I felt myself reddening guiltily.

"You know very well I am incapable of such a feeling."

"Well, then, dear, it was your father's steward!"

"My father's steward!" I repeated, breathing more freely.

"Ah, to be sure.

"I see it all now!

"What a blind idiot I have been!

"But, Fanny," I continued, "why did you not tell me that you intended answering my mother's advertisement for a governess?"

"Simply because I knew you, who are so very wise, would consider my plan impracticable.

"Of course, I gave you credit for enough common sense to treat me as a stranger when I should be presented to you in your father's house as a governess."

It is almost needless to say that I was satisfied with her explanation, and that a happier couple cannot be found in all the country round.

THE GIFT OF SILENCE.—There are times, even in the best-regulated families, that silence is a wonderful peace-maker.

In certain moods of mind and body one may be wrought to frenzy by words and suggestions that in other moods would have no such effect.

When one is hungry, or tired, or sleepy, or sick, he cannot take the same views that he does when full-fed, fresh and vigorous in health.

If he can make due allowance for this inevitable state of things in himself and in those around him, and restrain his words, govern his tones, control his manners, he may avert a deal of trouble.

An impulsive word is sometimes as a spark to powder.

We are careful to keep flame from powder made of saltpetre and sulphur, and should we not be equally careful to prevent social and domestic explosions?

Some people are so constituted that in certain moods they will say disagreeable things, simply because they feel like it.

If the combustible stuff about them is wet with the cool waters of silence it will not take fire, and great damage may be prevented.

It is mere cruelty to take advantage of a fretful child and tease and aggravate and torment him, "for the fun of it."

And yet some families tolerate this species of amusement.

How many words are best left unsaid!

Why should we drop caustic remarks that can only burn and rankle and corrode in the hearts they touch?

Why should we return railing for railing?

Why should we meet petulance with harshness?

Let us never forget that a soft answer turns away wrath. M. S.

SCIPIO, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not a practicing physician, but do act as family physician, and also as [illegible] cases. Over [illegible] I procured [illegible] your Hop Bitters, [illegible] which has been [illegible] I ever took. It is best [illegible] I have ever used. Some have become [illegible] by their use. We have recommended them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various complaints by them. REV. E. R. WARREN.

New Publications.

The coming holiday season promises to be unusually rich in books for young folks, and several of exceptional beauty and excellence have already made their appearance. One of these is "Whys and Wherefors," which in the shape of a very entertaining story, tells all about a great many [illegible] are constantly presenting themselves to young minds. It treats of natural phenomena, physics, the sky and its mysteries, the stars, the woods, the streams, natural laws and a number of other subjects about which it is highly useful as well as pleasant to know. And the best of it all is, these things are told in a way that makes the book read like a most romantic story. Almost every page contains a splendid picture and altogether the book is a perfect bonanza of richness for young readers. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price $2.00

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, the Eminent Publishers, of this city, have in press, and will shortly publish the following bright and clever novels, "Two Kisses," a bright and snappy love story, by Hawley Smart. "Erring, Yet Noble," by Isaac G. Reed, Jr. "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," a new and complete edition, by Charles G. Leland. "The Wife of Monte-Cristo," being the continuation of Alexander Dumas masterpiece, "The Count of Monte-Cristo." "The Son of Monte-Cristo," being the sequel to "The Wife of Monte-Cristo." "The Confessions of an Abbe," by Louis Ulbach. "The Joys of Life," (La Joie de Vivre,) by Emile Zola. Manon Lescaut," by the Abbe Prevost, an Intense Love Story. "A Young Girl's Romance," a Captivating Love Story, by Ernest Daudet. "Genevieve's Victory," by Henry Greville. "The Woman of Silver," by Hector Malot. "The Lawrence Reciter," by Philip Lawrence, Professor of Elocution, price 50 cents. "Petersons' Coin Book," a Manual of the Coins of the World, a new Edition in Paper Cover, Large Folio. Price $1.00. Always in the lead to cater to the wants of the reading public, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., announce above a list of forthcoming books that will be sure to please all tastes, comprising as they do the choice books by some of the best American and Foreign writers. Their new Catalogue will be sent to any address if written for. Address all Orders and Communications to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers and Booksellers, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAGAZINES.

The *North American Review* for October presents a most attractive table of contents. Senator N. P. Hill writes of, Gold and Silver as Standards of Value. In, Some Aspects of Democracy in England, A. V. Dicey make clear to the American reader how it is that democracy, or, in other words, public opinion, absolutely controls the action of the government. Under the title of Co-operative Distribution, the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton gives an instructive historical sketch of the rise, progress and fluctuation of co-operative merchandizing in the United States during the past fifty years. Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins writes of, Early Man in America. The possibility of Astronomical Collisions, whether of the fixed stars with one another, or of comets with the sun, the earth, or the other planets, is considered by C. A. Young. Moncure D. Conway discourses learnedly, and at the same time most entertainingly upon the Saint Patrick Myth. Van Buren Denslow, has an article on Board of Trade Morality. Frederic Harrison contributes an article, invaluable to the historical student, on Histories of the French Revolution. Finally, the Rev. E. P. Hale presents an inventory of the volume and distribution of Local Forces in the United States. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York. $5.00 a year, 50 cents a number.

In the way of a good, bright entertaining, and at the same time useful magazine, for young people, more particularly boys perhaps, we know of nothing so good as "Wide Awake." Every page is filled from cover to cover with pure and instruction of the highest interest and value to the young. Boys with smart head or hands will find no end of good things in its pages. 3 cents per copy. Published at 842 Broadway N. Y.

When we say that *Vicks Illustrated Floral Monthly Magazine* is always good we mean, it cannot be better. The seasons of blooms may come and go, but the excellence of its pages knows no fading. The October number teems with points of interest to all lovers of flowers. James Vick, Rochester, New York. $1.25 per year.

The new *English Illustrated Magazine*, published by Macmillan & Co., which is designed to carry out the lines laid by the leading American monthlies, comes punctual to its date of October, and with a most attractive table of contents. Professor Huxley begins a series on "Oysters and the Oyster Question." F. W. Maitland writer on "From the Law Courts to the New," and Mr. J. Comyns Carr, deals with "Rossetti's Influence in Art." The illustrations of the latter papers will be the first introductions to many American readers of the pictures which embodied Rossetti's art-ideas. Other articles by leading authors are Les Cinquettes, by Swinburne; The Dormouse at Home, by Grant Allen, etc. There are also serials begun by William Black, and Charlotte, M. Yonge. There are plenty of illustrations in the number done in a good style of art. The price per number is six pence. The London *Athenæum* says that "in consequence of the orders received, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., have found it necessary to print 150,000 copies of the first number.

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Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Worm Fever, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip [illegible] Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

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Our Young Folks.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

BY PIPKIN.

"NO, I ain't made as much as that, 'cos I've only been on for about an hour, but I shall make more afore I've done.

"People pays more for keeping their shoes from getting dirty than they will for cleanin' of 'em when they are dirty."

"Yes, but then I don't see as what you do helps much to keep 'em clean.

"'Taint as though you took a real muddy crossin' where there wasn't no cart as came round to sweep the streets.

"The parish is what does your work, and you only keeps a broom for a sign, and scratches the road with it when anybody's a-lookin'.

"However, the more mud you don't sweep away the more boots come to me to be cleaned, p'r'aps, so nothink's lost between us."

This was a funny conversation to overhear as one stood at the corner of a pleasant street putting down my umbrella after a smart shower of bright spring rain.

At first it might have seemed as though the two boys were working in a partnership, and that the sweeper was ready to give a sly touch with his muddy broom to the boots of anybody who did not give him a penny as they crossed the road from the corner where the omnibus set down passengers.

This would have been more dishonest than sweeping a crossing that required no sweeping, as an excuse for begging for pence.

I dare say young Tim Doolan doesn't think it dishonest.

You can see see by his face that he has not the look of a bad boy, but he is very ignorant, has never been taught much at the ragged school, and cannot be caught by the Board School visitors, and taken off to learn to read and write.

As to a home, poor little Tim Doolan has no home.

His father disappeared from the court in Hermondsey where they used to live, years a..., his mother, who sometimes earns a ... by ... Borough Market, spends most of her earnings in drink, and is nearly alwa... quarrelling with her neighbors.

How does poor Tim live then? you will ask.

Suppose we let him tell his own story, as he stands here, a funny-looking figure, dressed in a suit of clothes that must a long time ago have belonged to a little man, and are still so much too large for Tim, that the trousers are tucked up almost to the patched knees, and the arms of the tattered tail coat have been cut short to allow him to get his hands outside them, and clutch the handle of the rough broom with which he "scratches the road," as his friend the shoe-... says.

"Well?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I ... when another sweeper ...

"I haven't got nowhere else to go but Muggeridge's Court, by the tan-yard.

"If I was bigger, per'aps I might get a job of work at the tan-yard.

"Mostly in the summer I sleep out, because of course I go down to the Derby downs at Epsom on the race-day, and earns good money wot with turnin' cart-wheels in the road for coppers.

"Look here, sir!"

And Tim balances himself on his broom, flings his heels up in the air, and curves over sideways, coming down on his feet on the other side, and all his rags seeming as if they would fly off of him.

"That's what I does on the road leadin' to Epsom when I take my broom.

"But if not, why I turn cart-wheels on my hands.

"I went down one year to pick up sticks for a man as keeps a Aunt Sally an' a cocker-nut shy.

"But I was too little, they said, 'cause I couldn't help crying a bit when the sticks caught me on the legs, as some of the fellers that shied tried to make 'em do.

"Do I turn cart-wheels on my crossin'?

"No, I should think not.

"... always waits until somebody ... may be doing sweeping like mad, right and left, so as you get to the curbstone, while yer making of a bow with your hand, just as the party comin' along is goin' to step in the road.

"If it's a lady, sir—I'll show you."

A pleasant looking lady is approaching, and about to cross the street, and almost before I can ... Tim is down on the pavement, the road-way is cleaning into brown with such vigor, that we would ... to be left ... with our pleasant ... and ...

I ... ready, and I ...

But ... stops ... and ... a little bag which she carries, and finds a penny.

But Tim knows his business.

He doesn't rush forward and make a grab at the penny.

He does not even hold out his dirty hand.

He stops back, and stands waiting quite patiently with a comical look of persuasion on his face.

The lady holds out a penny, and Tim comes forward quite slowly and hold out his hand, making a bow that brings his head almost down to the patch on his knee.

Then the lady asks him some questions, and he replies with a smile.

They have quite a conversation together.

By the time Tim comes back to the corner he is twopence richer, for another penny has been found for him.

"What did she say to you?" asked Dick, ... Tim.

"She asked me if I went to school, which I said I did when I could—an' that's true; but not to the Board School.

"The Board School ain't for them like me.

"It's too respectable, and it don't provide no brekfus' nor yet dinner, an' I've got to find vittles and lodgin' for myself, so I don't belong nowhere particklar; and the Board beadle he don't get hold o' me, nor yet plenty more, I can tell you."

It isn't pleasant to hear Tim Doolan talk like this.

"Well, Tim, but wouldn't you like to go to school and to learn something better than pretending to sweep crossings?" I asked.

"I should rather think I should, sir, 'specially if I could get a v'yge to sea.

"You see, sir, they won't keep me at the workus 'cos they know mother, and she won't go in, or else I'd 'a' been on board the 'Go-liar' (he meant 'Goliath') ship, where they takes the parish boys. I know one of 'em.

"He went to the workus when his father was choked out of a upper floor warehouse in Tooley street, and broke his neck; and now he's aboard the 'Go-liar,' and right down the river, and soon he expects to go a reg'lar voy'ge to somewhere's."

"Tim, would you go to school and stay there long enough to be sent on board another ship like the 'Goliath,' along with about sixty other boys, and be taught a trade as well as to be a sailor?"

"Only just try me; but you're not likely to give me a chance."

"Yes, Tim, if you'll meet me to-morrow at the place that I will write on this card, I think I can promise you something shall be done, and we may make you a tailor as well as a sailor, and perhaps a sail-maker, too."

At twelve o'clock next day I see Tim without his broom, and with his face and hands as clean as a washing in one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, and drying them on his cap, can make them, waiting for me in Queen street, near Holborn.

There is a home there; a Home for the Children of the Street—a home for destitute and homeless boys—where, so long as they have money to keep poor children, and to touch them; the managers do not turn away any who are friendless and lost.

They did not turn away Tim Doolan.

A month afterwards I saw him in a comfortable jacket and trousers and stout shoes, helping to cook the beef and potatoes and pudding, for a dinner at which the boys and girls from other homes were to be present.

The last time I saw him he was standing in the shrouds of a great ship moored in the river at Greenhithe.

He was bigger, stronger, stouter, and dressed in blue trousers and serge shirt.

The name of the ship was the 'Arethusa,' and Tim was one of the dozen boys who had won prizes at the ship school.

But our little friend had done more than ... that.

He had become an expert swimmer, and had jumped overboard after one of the shipmates who fell out of a boat.

Tim dived after him, and brought him up from under the boat, and then swam with him till he could get hold of a rope that was thrown to him.

... of courage Tim has a silver ..., which he wears outside his blue ... shirt.

There he is—his eyes twinkling with ... and good ... he and his com... many of them together, see our ... going ... and ...

I ... will have to fight, ... battles, ill luck and hardship, and ... and loneliness.

... are always ... battles, ... the ... street, but every ... ... which ... is not ready to ... part in the world.

Proof Everywhere.

If your invalid or sick person has the ... the power and chances of ... ... there is, then you feel ... ... that there was, to ... ... Liverpool, with good doctors ... that they ... ... and ... ... of ... ... physi...

GREENWICH, Feb 11 1881

... Bitters ... I was ... up ... ...

L. LEROY BELWIR.

HER FAREWELL.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IN the garret of a house in one of the bye-streets of Paris, a man and a woman were conversing earnestly.

It was at the time of the Great Revolution, when a thrill of horror vibrated through the whole world at the doings of the terrible men who had instituted the Reign of Terror, when virtue—especially if allied to high birth—was a sure passport to the scaffold.

The man was a handsome fellow, about thirty, with an unmistakeably aristocratic air, and a form well-knit and powerful.

The woman, who was hugging a baby to her breast, was some seven years his junior, with a beautiful and gentle face, which was now clouded by the shadow of unmistakable sorrow.

The man was rapidly discarding his aristocratic attire for that of a workman.

While he was thus engaged, a rapid conversation was carried on in an undertone.

"Hasten, Armand," said the woman.

"Pierre Degrois will be here in a minute, and he will be impatient.

"He is grateful to you, and will save you.

"But his heart is not in his work.

"He hates the aristocrats, and the slightest rebuff might turn him from his duty."

"True, Ernestine," replied her husband.

"I will not delay.

"It takes long to make myself seem one of these brutes.

"Oh! dear wife! my heart bleeds at the idea of this parting.

"But I have faith in the One above, who will give me strength to fight my way to safety, and bring you to me again.

"Tell me again of our rendezvous, so that I may be sure that you will not forget.

"In the wood at Lambray—near the Convent of St. Michel, in Brittany," said Ernestine.

"Can I ever forget it, since it was there we plighted our troth!"

"When I leave you, dear one," said Armand de Montresset, as he gave the finishing touches to his disguise, "remain here a ... lest you should excite suspicion ... then ... to ... to ... rue.

"Ha! here is Pierre!"

A loud and almost angry knock it was to which Ernestine opened the door, and the ... who entered was evidently not in the best of humors.

He was a short, thickset man, about five-and-twenty, bullet-headed, and rugged of beard, and wearing the inevitable red cap over his bristly hair.

He scowled at the pair as he strode in.

"You ... your time, citizen, ... understanding ... Armand.

"You ... to ... street ... the ... ... such ... with ... ...

"Eh? Eh?"

"... out of the big ... ... fright...

An angry reply was about to burst from the lips of the young count; but an appealing look from his wife restrained ...

"You see, citizen," he said with an ill grace, "that I am not used to this style of dress, and it takes me longer than customary to ... it on.

"There, I am ... now.

"Adieu, ..., till we meet again!"

He spoke in a brave, cool voice, that he might instil into her heart some of his own strong nature.

But it was in vain.

All the horrors they had passed through, since Armand's name had been placed among the proscribed, paled before the present terror—this terror of parting, the first time in their lives.

She flung herself with a wild sob into his arms.

"Oh! Armand!" she cried, "how can I part from you?"

"Courage, darling," cried her husband in a voice which, in spite of all his efforts, trembled with the force of his emotion, "'tis but for a time.

"Remember you part from me to save my life, and the life of this child of ours—this solitary pledge of our affection.

"Courage then, I say; and be assured that with Heaven's aid we shall meet ag...n."

... with a last ... of ... and ... ... from her embrace.

The workman had looked on at this scene with a scowl of envy and hate; and now as Count Armand released himself from his ... ... arm, he said—

"... up, ...

"I cannot ask my head for an aristocrat.

"I have need of it a while yet to compass the fall of some more of the enemies of our country."

"...

He ... the way to the door, and Armand ... with ... ...

THE SPIRITS OF FLOWERS.

BY J. H. A. B.

We are the guardian spirits of flowers,
  And to us belongs the care
To watch through the pleasant summer hours
  O'er the flow'rets fresh and fair;
To open their leaves when the morning sun
  Peers over the eastern trees,
And to close them again when day is done,
  In dread of the chilly breeze.

With a gentle hand the dewy tear
  We brush from the cheek of the rose,
And lift from the earth the lily fair
  Borne down by its fancied woes;
Then we nestle down by the violet blue,
  A word of fond love to speak,
And dally awhile with the daisy, too,
  Till a blush mantles on her cheek.

Then we nectar quaff from the woodbine's flower,
  And dance in the blue-bell's shade,
Or lie asleep at the noontide hour
  In the primrose-scented glade:
Then we flaunt awhile with the poppies gay,
  Where in scarlet pomp they dwell,
Till warned of the coming close of day
  By the pink-eyed pimpernel.

Then we fly with haste to gather up
  One charge for the coming night,
Closing them all, from the butter-cup
  To the passion-flower bright.
Then we fold our wings when our work is done,
  And sleep, each sprite in his flower,
Till the darting beams of the morning sun
  Awake us to life and power.

HUMORS OF EXAMINATIONS.

As a rule college examinations are not regarded by the outside world as occasions on which a display of humor may be expected. But if exceptions prove the rule, then may examinations claim to afford a very rich fund of ludicrous incidents.

One of the frequent causes of humor at examinations is, of course, the ignorance of students.

A person was once asked to answer the question:

"Who was Esau?"

His reply was highly characteristic.

"Esau," said he, "was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash."

The Confusion of Esau and Æsop, of copyright and birthright, and pottage and potash, is an example of humor of by no means an unusual class.

Another student was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was very unique:

"Wolsey was a famous General who fought in the Crimean War, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell: 'Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age.'"

In an examination destined to test the general knowledge of young lads about to enter the ranks of professional student-life, a series of questions was put as tests of the reading of the candidates. The following were some of the replies obtained from the aspiring youths:

"What was the Star Chamber?"

"An astronomer's room."

"What was meant by the Year of Jubilee?"

"Leap-year."

"What was the Bronze Age?"

"When the new pennies became current coin of the realm."

"What are the "Letters of Junius?" "

"Letters written in the month of June."

"What is the Age of Reason?"

"The time that has elapsed since the person of that name was born."

Incidents of a highly ludicrous nature frequently occur in the examination of patients, both by doctors and students. A professor on one occasion was lecturing to his class on the means of diagnosing disease by the external appearance, face, and other details of the patient. Expressing his belief that a patient before the class afforded an example of the practice in question, the professor said to the individual:

"Ah, you are troubled with gout!"

"No, sir," said the man; "I've never had any such complaint."

"But," said the professor, "your father must have had gout."

"No, sir," was the reply, "nor my mother, either."

"Ah, very strange," said the professor to his class. "I'm still convinced that this man is a gouty subject. I see that his front teeth show all the characters which we are accustomed to note in gout."

"Front teeth!" ejaculated the patient.

"Yes," retorted the professor; "I'm convinced my diagnosis is correct. You have gout, sir."

"Well, that beats everything," replied the man; "it's the first time I ever heard of false teeth having the gout! I've had this set for ten years!"

The effect of this sally on the part of the patient, upon the inquisitorial professor and his students may be better imagined than described.

There are examiners, and examiners, of course; some stern, others mild and encouraging; some who try to discover what a student knows, and others whose aim appears to be rather that of elucidating the ignorance of the candidates who appear before them. But to the end of time there will be humor mixed with the grave concerns of testing knowledge, which is for both sides a hard enough task. The student who, when asked by a stern examiner what he would recommend in order to produce copious perspiration in a patient, replied, "I'd make him try to pass an examination before you, sir!" had a keen sense of humor, which it is to be hoped the examiner appreciated. His answer was in keeping with the question which has been argued by us and by others, whether the whole subject of examinations, as at present conducted, should not be thoroughly overhauled and revised.

Grains of Gold.

Health is the vital principle of bliss.

The less men think the more they talk.

Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved.

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

Write on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Compliments cost nothing; yet many people pay dearly for them.

Spend a cent less than your net income, and you will always be rich.

A man has never to struggle more desperately than to overcome self.

That is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing.

Look at the bright side. Keep the sunshine of a living faith in the heart.

Death comes to a good man to relieve him; to a bad one to relieve society.

A gracious word, opportunely uttered, is no trifle in the matter of happiness.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as to think.

To mourn a mischief that is dead and gone, is the best way to draw new mischief on.

To overlook nothing in others is often a proof that we overlook a good deal in ourselves.

Where a man has made a worm of himself, he cannot complain if he is trampled under foot.

Four things come not back—the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and neglected opportunity.

To maintain a steady and unbroken mind, amidst all the shocks of the world, marks a great and noble spirit.

The way to overcome a dislike which another may feel towards us, is to say some little kind word of him every day.

Nothing can justify feelings of wrath, much less imprecations uttered by a Christian against any of the Lord's creatures.

If the hopeful spirit depends upon the happy disposition, every effort to cultivate and preserve the latter must directly tend to human welfare and the world's advancement.

No one is taken at his own estimate; so if you wish to be considered clever, you must pretend to be twice as clever as you are, and then the world will give you credit for half of it.

When one wishes to reform, everything does not become lovely in this unfriendly world. The first steps are usually the most difficult, and the earliest experience the most disheartening.

Innocence consists in the acknowledgment that one knows nothing of truth, and can do nothing of good from himself, but from the Lord. It consists, therefore, in being led by the Lord, and not by self.

As in walking it is your greatest care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry and sprain your leg, so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind, or offend your judgment.

We have, to a great extent, the power of prolonging our lives. Living by rule and obeying nature's simple laws may seem very irksome to some people at first: but doing so soon becomes a habit, and a blessed habit, and one that tends to happiness, to comfort, and to length of days.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate—not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

Six things are requisite to create "a happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up by cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day: while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the glory of God.

Femininities.

A man in Connecticut has succeeded in making a perfect artificial egg. We would like to see the woman who can beat it.

A Baltimore judge has decided that the Maryland law cannot restrain a woman's use of her favorite weapon—her tongue.

London Truth makes the reckless assertion that 40 per cent. of the cigarettes sold in the United States are smoked by women.

A St. Louis girl ran away from home rather than learn music. She must have been listening to the playing of some of the other girls.

The German Empire has 7,719,383 women who have been married, and of these 1,809,382 are widows.

There are 109 teachers in the public schools of Lawrence, Mass., out of which number seven marry every year.

"She Loves Him Still," is the title of a recent novelette. She probably wants to do all the talking herself.

The female mackerel, it is asserted, is decidedly fatter, sweeter, and much superior in flavor to the male fish, and may be distinguished by the distinct dark line of the backbone.

A Springfield, Mass., boy received this dispatch from his generous Holyoke girl the other day: "Joe, come up; I am full of money, and will pay all expenses."

Life is full of compensations. The New York World says that the Princess of Wales will soon be too deaf to her the stories that are told about her wild husband.

A man named Darling lives in Baltimore, and when any one calls him, on the street, every young lady within three blocks blushes and looks around.

A young lady living in Port Jervis went to a barber-shop there last week and had her hair, which was over a yard long, cut because it made her head ache.

When a Camden man came home drunk, his wife didn't say a word, and the next morning had a bottle of Congress water, which had been on ice, ready for him.

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

A Miss Henderson, of Pierre, Dakota, is called "the man-killer." The fourth man to whom she was engaged has died before the wedding.

An Ohio county treasurer has embezzled $8,000 and a girl. He doubtless took the money to support the girl with, which shows a great deal of prudent forethought.

The Harvard "annex" for women is eminently successful. Two ladies out of a class of five have become engaged to their teachers, and another is permitting one of the young professors to swing on her father's gate.

It takes twenty blows of a hammer in the hands of a woman to drive a teupenny nail three inches. She misses the nail twice where she hits it once. How many blows does she strike in all, and how far can her voice be heard when she strikes her thumb?

Here is a warning to girls whose mammas are given to coronet-hunting. We are assured that of the thirty-one marriages between titled Germans and American girls all but one have resulted in abandonment, separation, divorce, or some other disaster.

An Ohio dog came home the other day with every tooth in his head broken off at the gums. Shortly after he died, and, on being opened, a small boarding-house doughnut was found in his stomach. Excepting two or three small dents, the doughnut was uninjured.

Sergeant Bates, the great American flag-carrier, is just now being made the subject of numerous newspaper paragraphs not at all complimentary to him. The strongest points made on Bates is that he ought to stay at home and help Mrs. Bates support his family.

Romeo and Juliet are promenading, on a beautiful summer evening. Romeo, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaims: "What an admirable spectacle! Look at those thousand stars that sparkle!" "Yes," said Juliet, "they remind you of the lanterns on the carriages."

A housekeeper, in whose house a pitcher has not been broken during the 29 years of her married life, is one of Pottstown's boasts. Whether all-metallic pitchers have been used meanwhile, or whether there was a standing order against her "help" handling those useful vessels, has not been stated.

A young man in the neighborhood of Windsor, S. C., twenty years of age, has been engaged nineteen different times, thus nearly averaging an engagement for every year since he came into the world. He expects, however, it is fair to state, that he will really ratify an engagement before he becomes aged.

A Cleveland married man can heavily discount Vennor as a prognosticator. When the former starts for home at one o'clock in the morning he always predicts a "storm" within an hour, and never made a miss but once; and then he found his wife fast asleep when he reached home. Next morning she declared that she had been drugged.

A little boy called at the Sacramento, Cal., police station, and asked the keeper to permit him to pass the night with his mother, who had been jailed for drunkenness. The woman was once beautiful and highly respected. The child, who had procured a small package of delicacies for his mother, was admitted to her cell and locked in for the night.

A few months since, when a train passed Fargo, a wealthy passenger was struck with admiration over the tender manner in which a young lady led her aged grandmother along a path near the track. Seeking an introduction, the man of wealth married her in a few weeks, and now every time a train pulls into that burgh at least half a dozen maidens can be seen trotting their grandmothers up and down the track. This story comes from a Fargo man.

News Notes.

Pet lawns are Florida favorites.

Nebraska has a town called Baseball.

A beggar woman of Helena, Mon., makes $20 a day.

There are only 262,000 Indians in the United States.

In New York City 100,000 children earn their own living.

The English parcels post will not transmit live lobsters.

A man at Fort Wayne has a two-headed black water snake.

The District of Columbia has no law against miscegenation.

Of the 1,300,000 people in New York city only 81,032 own real estate.

Four hundred Sioux are to be baptized in the Missouri at Standing Rock.

The fattest man in Virginia keeps a hotel at Bristol. He weighs 500 pounds.

Some of the ten recently condemned at New York has been admitted at London.

A California farmer has raised three watermelons weighing 104, 92, and 84 pounds.

Some land in the city of London was recently sold at at the rate of $300,000 an acre.

W. K. Anderson, an "oil prince" of Titusville, Pa., is said to carry $450,000 insurance on his life.

Influenced by a temperance leader, a rich English miller has destroyed a cellar of port wine.

A New York man named Tarney signalized his 100th birthday recently by walking three miles.

Two thousand two hundred trains leave the railroad stations in London every twenty-four hours.

Wolves destroy $12,500,000 worth of cattle in Eastern Russia every year, and human lives are also lost.

They have gold mines at Dalton, Mass.; the yield of the precious metal thus far is said to have netted $10.

A well-to-do maiden lady in Patten, Me., worked out her town tax last summer with rake and hoe on the road.

The popularity of canned meats, vegetables and fruit is in danger. The poison in the can is getting monotonous.

The competition of Mexican women was too much for a man who started a steam laundry at Corpus Christi, Texas.

From 22 to 23 million steel pens are made every week, Birmingham, Eng., furnishing about two-thirds of them.

Bees taken to Florida are said to become so lazy that they make only so much honey as they need from day to day.

The Government of Australia offers 6d. per dozen for English sparrows' heads, and 2s. 6d. a hundred for their eggs.

When the Texas legislators get a day off they attend a horserace. In Maine a legislative play-day brings on a clambake.

Paris is about to be entertained with a bull fight, the fighters and bulls both to be imported from Spain at "enormous expense."

In a St. Louis justice court the crowd of spectators became indignant, and pounded the justice, jury and witnesses unmercifully.

The man who painted the spire of the Catholic church in Omaha was photographed standing on the cross, 215 feet above the pavement.

An old frame house in Winthrop, Me., built one hundred and fourteen years ago, was moved half a mile last week without even cracking the plastering.

Statistics show that more than a third of our "butter" exports are sworn to be oleomargarine. Great Britain receives about nine thousand tons of it.

Senator Chaffee is reported to have said that he became a temperance man upon being charged $20 by a bartender for "setting up" a crowd during a campaign.

A toper of Park City, Ky., was so thirsty the other day as to sell his spectacles for thirty cents, which he spent for whisky. He got blind drunk.

To prevent silver from tarnishing, paint it with a solution of collodion in alcohol. This is to be applied with a soft brush, and may be washed off with hot water.

One pawnbroker in New York says that in a year he received 90,000 coats, vests and pantaloons, of which number he sold 30,000, and 40,000 were redeemed.

The experience of life insurance actuaries is said to emphatically confirm what has frequently been a matter of ordinary observation of late years in this country, viz., that longevity is increasing.

A New York musical writer claims to have discovered that neither the "Star Spangled Banner" nor "Hail Columbia" are original American tunes, but that both were stolen from old German authors.

A young fellow loudly announced in a Southern hotel dining-room that he intended "to shoot the Colonel on sight." Before night every male boarder had left, and some in such a hurry as not to pay their bills.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE—that it may be promptly administered in all sudden attacks of Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Colic, or any Affection of the Bowels, for which Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam is an effectual remedy. At this season of the year every family will find in it a useful and reliable curative.

OPPORTUNITY AND IMPORTUNITY.

Sealskin sacque
In the store;
Wife looks back,
Eyes it o'er.

Says to husband,
"Ain't it nice?"
He shuts eyelids
Like a vice.

Shakes his head
Sadly, "No!"
Grabs her arm—
Home they go.

Drops of water,
One by one,
Will wear away
The hardest stone.

Ere the Fall's
Backbone's broke,
Wifey wears
Sealskin coat.

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

Ill treatment—Medical attendance.

A Vermont man, in publishing one of Byron's poems, changed the words: "Oh gods!" to "Oh gosh!" because the former was too profane for his readers.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," said the gilded youth, "if he'd bring a different bill occasionally, but I'm bored to death with seeing the same old bill."

Yorkel (to his son at a concert during the performance of a duet)—"D'ye see, Tom, now it's gettin' late they're singin' two at a time so's to git done sooner."

Don't delay. Heart disease works quickly. Try Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. by druggists

"Gentlemen," said the Texas man in the restaurant when the waiter dumped a plate of hot soup down his back, "gentlemen, don't laugh." As he had risen to his feet and drawn two revolvers, his wishes were respected.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S "Address to Young Men," the "Morning Call" and other pamphlets which the Bryant & Stratton Business College of Philadelphia delivers free to all who call or write for them, contain much entertaining and instructive reading matter for young men and women.

BEATTY'S GREAT ENTERPRISE.

An Organ Every Five Minutes.

We are reliably informed that Daniel F. Beatty, the enterprising organ builder of Washington, New Jersey, is now finishing a completed instrument every five (5) minutes, and that there are 5,000 constantly in process of manufacture in his great works. Read his new advertisement in this issue, carefully, and order an organ without delay, if you desire to secure the lowest limited time price of only $67.75.

No. 54,833

Takes the First Prize, $30,000, in the Initial Drawing of the Henry College Lottery.

The Henry College Lottery Company held its first monthly drawing at the Masonic Temple yesterday, beginning at 10 o'clock. A large audience was in attendance and Schneider's orchestra discoursed music. A long table was stretched across the stage, on which were placed, numerically, the 100,000 tickets of the drawing. Mr. J. T. Hayden, of Newcastle, Ky., one of the trustees of the Henry College, was present to represent the interests of the college. Judge W. B. Hoke and Col. W. H. Meffert, the Commissioners of the drawing, were on hand. When the curtain went up Judge Hoke addressed the audience and assured them that the drawing was to be absolutely fair. He called on the audience to call the numbers of their tickets and see him place the tag with the numbers on into the wheel, and send three gentlemen to the stage to examine into the matter for them. Mr. Charles E. Parrent, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; F. M. Abbott, of Henry county, Ky., and Gen. Kilgore, of this city, responded to the call and went upon the stage. A great many numbers were given, and the committee was assisted by Judge Hoke in finding their duplicates on the table. This was kept up until the audience became anxious for the drawing to proceed. The 100,000 tickets were then placed in the biz wheel in the presence of the audience, and the prizes in the little wheel. The drawing began with the call of ticket 67,850, and Col. Meffert responded with the prize of $75, which the ticket drew. After waiting for an hour, the capital prize of $30,000 was announced in company with ticket 54,833. Inquiry being made by two gentlemen as to when the prizes would be paid, a Courier-Journal reporter asked them what interest they had in that feature; whereupon they exhibited a ticket that called for $500. They were Messrs. Faulk and Baker, of Edgeview, Effingham Co., Ill. Ticket No. 54,833, drawing the $30,000 prize, sent to R. W. Irvine, No. 325 Scott st., Covington, Ky.; No. 68,011, drawing the $10,000 prize, sent to Fred. Erby, No. 79 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; No. 21,267, drawing the $5,000 prize, sent to Jersey City, N. J.; No. 87,745, $2,500, San Francisco, Cal.; No. 21,624, $2,500, Louisville, Ky.; No. 78,623, $1,000, sold to Samuel A. Gaylord, No. 17 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., No. 65,069, $1,000, sold at Port Huron, Mich. Next public drawing, allowing every one the right to see his number go into the wheel, will take place in Louisville, Ky., Thursday, Oct. 25th, 1883. Capital prize, $30,000; 1,057 prizes, amounting to $110,400. Tickets, $2 each; halves, $1; 27 tickets, $50; 55 tickets, $100. Address all orders for tickets to J. J. Douglas, Louisville, Ky.—From Louisville Courier-Journal, Sept. 28th.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

80 CARDS BEST QUALITY. New designs in Satin and Gold finish, with name, 10 cts. We offer $200 for a pack of cards any nicer work, or prettier styles. Samples free. Eagle Card Works, New Haven, Ct.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

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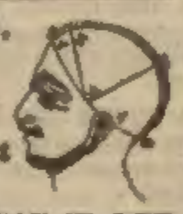
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

Book of Cage Birds,
100 ILLUSTRATIONS.
Full directions for the breeding and treatment of all kinds of Cage Birds, Parrots, Dogs, Aquaris, Fowls and Pigeons. Most complete hand book of the kind published. Mailed for 2-cent stamp.
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Ayer's Pills, 30c; Brandreth's Pills, 10c; Allcock's Plasters, 10c; Radway's Ready Relief, 35c; Jayne's Expectorant, 65c; Warner's Safe Cure, 84c; Hop Bitters, 65c; Engelmann's Dyspepsia Powders, 75c; Humphrey's Homeopathic Specific, 25c. size, 15c; Simmons' Liver Regulator, 65c; S. S. S., (large) $1.35. Thousands of Remedies. Send for Price Lists. W. T. TOTTEN, 672 North Tenth St., Philada., Pa.

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We will take a Limited Number of Young Men, teach them Telegraphy, and furnish good situations as soon as qualified. Address
SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO.,
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THE MATRIMONIAL EUREKA For married couples or those contemplating matrimony. Good for either sex. Send 25 cents in stamps, and state sex to THE STARR CO., 79 Nassau Street, N. Y.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

Free Circular of Female Beauties, Sample 10c. 3 for 25c. 7 for 50c. or 15 for $1. securely sealed. WM. WEHMAN & CO., 27 First Avenue, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

40 CARDS, all Lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto, Chromo, Love Letter and Case, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c. postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

Fast Potato Digging!

The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger
Saves its cost yearly, FIVE TIMES OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to Dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!
Sent on 30 Days' JEST TRIAL.
Agents Wanted.

Write Postal Card for Free Illustrated Circulars. Mention this paper. Address
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SINGING DOLLS $2.50, upwards. Equal in appearance and quality to dolls of the same price which do not sing. Sent on receipt of price or by Express C. O. D.
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FREE **FREE**

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THE SUNBEAM SOLARGRAPH is the latest European wonder. It will denote the time accurately AND CAN NEVER GET OUT OF ORDER. It consists of a compass (worth alone more than 50 cents), a dial and indicator. The instrument being pointed due north the EXACT TIME is infallibly given. FOR BOYS it is just as good as a $25.00 Watch. FOR TRAVELERS it is in some respects better, as it always gives the exact time of the place they are in. FOR SPORTSMEN it is invaluable and indispensable. FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS it is a valuable addition to their scientific instruments.

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Assets, $8,483,807.72. Organized in 1847. Purely Mutual. Surplus, $1,809,402.85.
Thirty-five years' Successful Business.
All approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies issued. Policies absolutely *non-forfeitable* for "reserve" value, and *incontestable* after three years, except for fraud.

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Absolutely Reliable Goods and guaranteed Proper Prices.

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WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean, without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $20 to $30 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., ERIE, PA.

Facetiæ.

All that it's cracked up to be—Flour.

A good prophet—One hundred per cent.

Rule for church fair oyster suppers—Twice one is stew.

Why do pioneers march at the head of a regiment? To "axe" the way.

A bachelor compares a shirt-button to life, because it often hangs by a thread.

"Why are you so distant?" said a trump to the beefsteak in a restaurant window.

There is a Sioux chief who calls himself Two Skunks. His specialty lies in keeping large forces of pale faces at a distance.

Nitro-glycerine is now frequently used as a medicine, under the name of gloneine. It might be homicidal to kick a man who had taken a big dose of it.

We can prove it. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures Heart Disease. Price $1.: 6 for $5 by druggists.

Under certain circumstances it makes a man feel mean to have people give him a wide berth, but somehow it never does when he is traveling on a steamboat.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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ONE HUNDRED

Of the Most Popular Songs, -Music and Words,-

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SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

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A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Te'l de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

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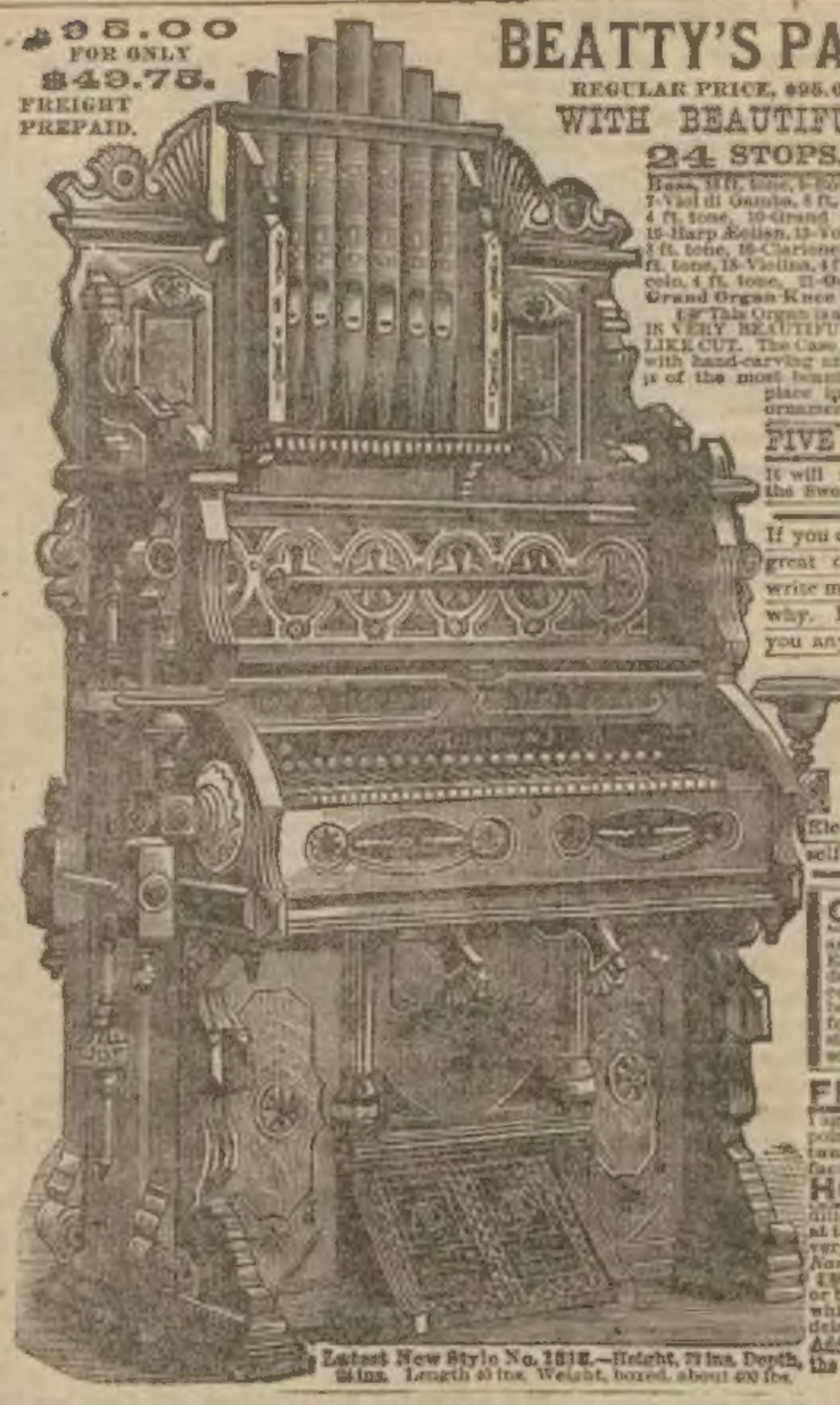

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Oct. 20, 1883.

Daniel F. Beatty.

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10 " " " $10 "	100	500 Sets (six in set) Silver Tea Spoons, at $1.00	500
10 " " " $5 "	50	200 Elegant Silver Plated Butter Knives, 50c each	100
500 " " " $1 "	500	200 " " " Sugar Spoons, " "	100
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All of the above presents are to be awarded in SOME FAIR AND IMPARTIAL MANNER, to be determined by a Committee to be chosen by the subscribers, at a GRAND FESTIVAL to be given DECEMBER 1, 1883, in Boston. It is hoped as many will be present as possible, yet subscribers who do not attend can have presents sent to any part of the United States. Printed list of the awards will be forwarded by mail to every subscriber. We shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 50,000, as we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early.

Youth is the best Literary and Family Paper in America; it has 32 long columns elegantly printed. Its Pictures are of the highest order, the very best thoughts of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class Family Paper; it is filled with bright and sparkling Stories, Sketches, Poems, Household Notes, Puzzles, Pictures, etc., in fact, everything to amuse and interest the whole family circle. At $1.00 per year, Youth is the cheapest paper in existence to-day.

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The above cut is about one-half size and represents our new and most elegant Revolver in the world, "THE SILVER KING." No illustration can show the beauty of this Revolver, as it is impossible to represent its beautiful combination of SILVER, GOLD and NICKEL. The barrel and frame are NICKEL PLATED, the cylinder and base pin are GOLD PLATED, and the handle is SILVER PLATED. The whole Revolver is engraved and ornamented in the most elegant manner, and is simply beautiful beyond description. The cut can convey but a slight idea of this handsome weapon, and it retails readily for $5 to $10. It has an octagon rifled barrel, fluted cylinder, with positive stop action holding it firmly in place. "THE SILVER KING" has the new RUSSIAN MODEL HIP STOCK, exactly fitting the hand and enabling you to hold it firmly and steadily. "THE SILVER KING" has the extra long ejector, and for accurate shooting cannot be excelled. We guarantee its shooting qualities equal to a SMITH & WESSON or COLT, and if you are not more than pleased with it, we will REFUND THE MONEY AT ONCE. We purchased these Revolvers at one-half cost, and it will be a long time before you will be able to procure another such bargain. This Revolver must be seen to be appreciated. It is the first 32 CALIBRE REVOLVER ever made with Silver Handle, Gold-Plated Cylinder, Nickel Frame and Barrel. This Revolver is the special terror of Tramps, BURGLARS and HIGHWAYMEN, and will bring down a squirrel or ruffian from the tallest tree.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FOR fall materials among other fabrics are rough-faced cloths and shaggy surfaces, under many names, such as Bison cloth, Astrakan, and the materials known as "horse-blanket," are shown.

It follows that the fabrics known as Bouretles are again imported with rough threads in clusters, or mere dots, or in strips of rough threads alternating with satin or with ottoman stripes.

A novelty is soft wool with printed figures representing the cross stitches of tapestry needlework; these are similar to the tapestry percales that were worn during the summer.

There are also machine-embroidered suits that have the embroidery in tapestry stitches of odd bright colors on dull faded grounds.

These are shown with dark blue grounds wrought with strawberry red, gray grounds with green and gold embroidery, pale blue with olive and red, and dark violet, daintily wrought with gray shades.

Whole breadths of a dress are embroidered in this way and placed just across the foot in front and on the sides below a plain overskirt, and there are bands down each front next a pleated vest; straps of velvet are fastened across the vest by old silver brooches; the standing collar is of velvet, and there is a narrow velvet cuff with a band of the embroidery above it on each sleeve.

This is handsome in prune-colored wool with velvet of the same shade, and the embroidery in dull red shades with pale olive-tinted foliage.

In lighter cloths some are woven in herring-bone patterns like those seen in India Chuddahs, others have intricate and irregular twills, while still others have seven diagonals and serge-like twills, and there are superfine broadcloths with closely woven smooth faces of lighter weight.

For convenience, Polonaises and tunics are just now in high vogue for traveling use, and by a clever arrangement of strong elastics and hooks a long French redingote or pelisse, is let down to quite cover the handsome silk or velvet skirt underneath. At the end of the journey, and before other baggage has arrived, it may be relooped and raised so that it resembles in its angles and pouls the style of a panier-polonaise. The wearer may then appear in an apparently fresh costume without the necessity of a change of dress.

Underskirts of velveteen will be much worn this fall beneath tunics and polonaises of tweed and cheviot.

In the same line of convenience the black or blue Jersey is adopted when the waists in last year's black or blue stuff dresses are worn-out or out-grown by the school girl or the young lady.

A black Jersey, like a black cashmere polonaise, has its manifold uses in the house or in traveling, by those who do not choose to wear them in the street.

For children they are not only extremely popular in all colors, but exceedingly useful for every sort of wear.

One of the newest of the fashionable corsages for fall wear is made of black velvet, open over a waistcoat of black satin, heavily embroidered in black silk floss.

It fastens at the throat by a knot of black satin ribbon matching the vest. The back fits the figure closely, ending in a postilion basque, but in front it is loose-fitting over the waistcoat, which is closed by a row of small jet buttons set very closely together.

The sleeve is close and small, with a full puff at the top, and buttoning up the back of the arm nearly to the elbow.

This corsage is to be worn over skirts of any description, particularly those of silk or brocade.

New morning gowns. A very pretty wrapper is of red cashmere. It is in three parts.

The skirt is plaited. The plain waist is half-tight fitting and cut up over the hips. The front forms a point.

The back is arranged in two hollow plaits and joined to the skirt. The plaits are fastened underneath, and furnish the fulness for the skirt.

Around the neck and down the front of the skirt is a large, full trimming cut in the shape of round leaves.

Coming from the hip is a piece of red satin ribbon, which is taken around the border of the waist, and covers the place where the skirt is joined to the waist. It terminates in long loops.

A convertible overskirt. "Combination" underwear is well known, and yearly finds more wearers for its convenience, its economy of material and its cheapness in laundry bills.

Now we hear of another combination garment—a dress which can at any moment be converted to a pretty dolman. The model was of fine navy serge, the skirt composed of narrow plaitings, the tunic pointed at one side falls low on the skirt, and is gathered on paniers at the other. The drapery at the back, which is slightly puffed, reaches almost to the edge of the skirt; the habit bodice is pointed in front, and has coat-tail finished with buttons. A long scarf of serge, which is lined with soft blue and white checked silk, is fastened to the waist beneath the coat tails, and falls about half-way down the back of the skirt. The centre of the other end is then attached by a single hook to an almost invisible loop, placed on the shoulder seam at the left side.

The Watteau-like effect is graceful. Should it be required as a dolman wrap, it is only necessary to detach the hook from the loop and draw the sides of the scarf around the shoulders.

The drapery is so cleverly adjusted, and its weight so evenly distributed, that its existence cannot be felt.

For young girls, the new fall styles are made of tweed, in dark rich heather mixtures, cheviot, serge and ladies' cloth, or plaided Austrian wool fabrics.

The skirts are kilted, and over the apron or panier overskirt is worn a snug little English cut-away jacket, with jaunty little vest underneath of a contrasting color, or of one of the shades of the goods if the costume be composed of mixed colors. A stylish model is made of nuns' gray ladies' cloth, trimmed with crimson serge. Gleams of crimson show between the box pleats upon the skirt and at the edge of the tunic.

The crimson waistcoat is put on separately, coming low over the hips and fastening up close to the throat with small gold buttons.

Large pocket flaps are set on at each side, with long imitation button-holes under jour bright buttons on the outside of each flap. The jacket has a postilion back and turn-over cuffs of crimson.

A pretty dress for a young girl for fall wear is composed of dark-blue serge, with double box pleats from the waist.

These are left loose a few inches from the bottom, forming a flounce which falls over a narrow knitting of dark red serge. The bodice consists of a cut-away jacket, opening over a blouse deeply shirred around the neck, and again at the belt, where is fastened a knot of dark-blue satin ribbons, faced with red.

A cluster of wider ribbons holds the bouffant draperies at each side.

Another dress of dark green alpaca has hollow pleats of the same from belt to toe, with dark cardinal serge set between each pleat.

A broad scarf drapery of the alpaca covers the hips, and forms a slight tournure in the back, and the dark-green jersey is cut out square in the neck, and a plastron of the crimson serge, laid in pleats, is let into the opening.

A simple mantle for a child from six to twelve years of age is of light cloth, embroidered around in scallops.

The full back is gathered around the neck and near the waist.

On the lower part of the waist is a ribbon or velvet bow.

The garment is fastened underneath by a cording placed under the gathers. The collar is gathered around the neck and scalloped on the border.

For neck wear. Gilt braid, gilt gauze and gilt lace are employed in new trimmings for the neck and sleeves of dresses. Three folds of gilt gauze are attracted to a band to be worn inside the neck of black dresses. Prettier than this are folds of white crepe lisse against the neck, with chain stitching of gold thread on its edge.

Gilt lace in torchon patterns is gathered between two crimped frills of crepe lisse, and is becoming alike to brunettes and blondes.

For simpler neck wear are two doubled folds of crinkled crape, or of silk muslin of creamy whiteness, basted inside the dress collar.

There are also pique bands or folds, and dotted percale standing bands, to be worn with traveling and morning dresses.

Fireside Chat.

SCREENS FOR FIREPLACES.

I HAVE lately noticed two very simple and effective ways of making these screens; and as the covering and the ornamenting of these can be accomplished entirely by amateur hands, we give a description of them.

For the first screen, have made by a common carpenter a deal framework composed of three leaves joined together with hinges, each leaf three feet in height and a foot and a quarter wide.

The deal frame should be of inch thick wood, with a support of the same thickness across its centre, and should be elevated upon short, square feet.

The frame would not cost more than a trifle to make.

Buy some diagonal cloth, cut it into long strips not more than five inches in width, and neatly stitch these strips round the framework, covering each piece of woodwork entirely, but leaving its shape visible.

Cut three strips of white crash or fine linen about twelve inches wide and three-quarters of a yard long, and work upon them with crewels either a handsome outline or filled-in design, either worked in shades of one color or in many colors. Sew a ball fringe matching the diagonal cloth to the bottom of each strip, and double ends of ribbon to each corner.

Tie the top of each strip with a pretty bow to the top rail of each leaf of the screen, and the bottom to the bottom rail, and the work is complete.

The advantage of this screen is that the embroidered part can be changed and varied as often as the owner likes to work a fresh subject, as nothing has to be done but untie the bows of ribbon.

Indian and Persian embroidery, Lustra painting combined with needlework, and many new kinds of work, can be displayed and changed without difficulty.

The second screen is lower and longer than the first, and is entirely covered with material.

Its peculiarity consists of the different natures of the material used to cover the lower and upper halves, and it also can be made up at home without very much trouble.

Procure a three-fold frame of deal made like the first screen, but two and a half feet in height, and with each leaf of the same breadth.

Put on the hinges, and cover the screen entirely with a lining of brown holland, which pull very tight, and nail on well.

Sew across the whole screen, so that no join is visible, and a little below the exact centre, a colored material, either of soft blue or green diagonal cloth, stamped plush or velveteen.

Secure this firmly to the sides and bottom of the three leaves with ornamental nails, and cover the bottom part or both sides. Take some cream-colored or pale blue satin sheeting, or some fine white lining, fit it so that it shall cover the top part of the screen without a join, and meet the lower material, and upon this material trace a design, such as birds and reeds, water-lilies and flags, fishes swimming, etc., on a stiff Greek wreath caught up at set intervals with ribbon.

Arrange this pattern so that it covers without a break the whole width of the material. Work the design in filosolles of various shades, sew the material on to the screen above the lower material, finish off where the two meet with a small ball edging made of colors matching the filosolles, and ornament the outer sides of the leaves with small ornamental nails, so as to hide the stitches that secure the various coverings.

Sweet-Dishes—Prussian Recipes.—Kalte Schalen: These are a speciality of the North German housewife, who prides herself not a little on their variety and correct preparation.

They play an important part at all the al fresco, or home, afternoon, and evening entertainments, particularly during the fruit season.

The ingredients are simple, and require but a short time for preparation. The following are amongst the favorites, and may not prove unpalatable to even native uninitiated palates.

Wine.—Lay equal quantities of macaroons and small French rusks into a glass bowl; add slices of lemon from which the seeds are removed, a stick of cinnamon, and equal quantities of any white wine, sugar, and water enough to soak and well cover the macaroons and rusks; ice if desired. Red wines can be used in the same manner and slices of pineapple substituted for lemon.

Strawberry and Raspberry.—Strawberries or raspberries are well picked (dry, if possible), and placed in a bowl without mashing them. To every pound of fruit a 1-lb. of pounded loaf sugar is strewn over it, and left covered for one hour. White or red wine, mixed with lemon juice and powdered cinnamon, is poured over the fruit just before serving, in the proportion of one pint to every 2 lb. of fruit.

Cherries.—Stone a soup plate full of red or acid cherries, and stew them tender with one pint of water, a dessert spoonful of pounded cherry stones, and three cloves. Rub through a tammy, and add half pint of good red wine; sugar to taste, and powdered cinnamon. Serve over French rusks broken, or serve them with it. If the former, a coating of rich whip cream is laid on top. This can also be iced and garnished with candied cherries.

Apricots, Greengages, and Peaches.—Stone and skin and halve the fruit, which is best done by scalding it for some minutes. Stew it tender, with the addition of a little of the water used for scalding, some of the kernels, sugar, and cinnamon. Arrange the unbroken halves on a dish, pass the rest through a tammy, add equal quantity of white wine, pounded loaf sugar to taste, and pour it over the fruit. Serve with sponge cake or rusks.

Correspondence.

JOHN, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—We know of no such firm in Philadelphia.

M., (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—We advise you to consult the parties concerned.

KATE, (Phila., Pa.)—Styx is one of the five rivers of hell. Styx means the river of hate.

H. W. T., (Buffalo, N. Y.)—The "Pentateuch" consists of the five books of Moses—the first five in the Old Testament.

S. R. D., (Richmond, Va.)—Schooners and brigs usually have two masts, barques and ships at least three, sometimes more.

AMANDA, (Baltimore, Md.)—"Mizpah" is a Hebrew word, signifying a watch-tower. Allegorically, it is taken to mean, "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are far from each other."

MYTH, (Phila., Pa.)—The patron saint of the blind is St. Cecilia, a blind Roman lady, who suffered martyrdom in the third century. She is also patroness of musicians, and is said to be the inventor of the organ.

ALLIE, (Cold, Mo.)—To whiten the hands keep them covered as much as possible and use oatmeal in the water. There are chemical preparations which will have some effect in bleaching the skin, but they are not to be recommended.

M. M., (Atlantic City, N. J.)—Yes; it would be quite proper and natural. In fact, if a gentleman knew a young lady at all well, he ought to call on her, if he happened to visit the city in which she lived. 2. You should mention the name of the lady first.

DON, (Union, Pa.)—If you have the courage to persevere through two very formidable-looking books read Robertson's "Charles V." and Prescott's "Philip II." They will give you more insight into the period named than any others we are acquainted with.

B. D., (New York, N. Y.)—The titles of honor in the English peerage are five—duke, marquis, earl, viscount, and baron. The eldest sons of peers have no real title of honor legally any more than an ordinary commoner, but it is customary for them to take the second title in the family, simply however as a courtesy title.

NO. 10., (Lancaster, Pa.)—To here detail the process of "sensitising" a plate so as to make it photographically resplent is quite beyond the space at our command. Simply go to some photographer and pay him for a few lessons in his laboratory. Yes, photographs are taken by the electric light, which has to it an actinic ray of strong quality.

R. A., (Clayton, Iowa.)—There is ground for supposing all is solid at the moon's surface, for it appears in powerful telescopes as a dry mass, on which some have thought they could perceive the effects, and even the explosions, of volcanoes. There are mountains on the surface of the moon which rise to the height of nearly two miles; and it has been inferred that it has deep cavities, like the basins of our seas.

HYGIENE, (Dallas, Ark.)—Neither drinking a cup of cold water on rising in the morning and performing a series of muscular chest and arm exercises nor brushing the hair with a hard brush can possibly do any harm. If they have any effect at all—and we think well of all these performances—it will be a good effect. Anything that promotes the circulation of the blood without excessively fatiguing or injuring any part must be good in itself and may prove beneficial.

ELLEN, (Colleton, S. C.)—It is said that the easiest way to induce sleep is to place the head in a comfortable position, and then taking a full inspiration, breathe as much as possible through the nostrils. The attention must now be fixed upon the fact of breathing. The patient must imagine that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils; and the very moment he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, and he sleeps. The method is strange, but simple, and the experiment will prove its worth.

CATHERINE B., (Clarke, Mo.)—We regret that it is not in our power to help you. The reason will be seen on reflection. Trouble of which you complain may be due either to a very slight or a very grave cause. It would be inexcusable to give you advice which, for aught we could tell, might be wholly wrong. It is your plain duty to place yourself under proper care, and at once. You are trifling with your own health and acting unfaithfully to your family by not seeking advice. Do not delay further.

READER, (Camden, N. J.)—Young ladies, like other people, ought to keep any engagement they make. If the visitor had such a claim on the young lady as to make it proper for her to break her engagement for the evening, she should have explained the matter fully to her escort, and obtained his permission to do so—a permission which he, however, could not refuse to give. 2. It would depend very much on where the party was going. In most cases it would be better for the young lady to mention to her escort her reasons for asking the other gentleman.

LAURA, (Phila., Pa.)—You want to know how to get thin. This is a mistaken aim, and we would not, if we could, help to make it successful. It is not healthy to be thin. Fashion has for a while favored the lean, but there are already signs of a return to reason, and the fat will have their revenge in a long and rational popularity. However this may be, we must say plainly that there is positively nothing that will arrest the natural tendency to grow fat without impairing the health. Leave this matter to Dame Nature: eat, drink, and take sufficient exercise, and, if you grow fat, do not waste vain regrets on the fact.

PHILIP, (Schuylkill, Pa.)—If possible, give the boy a trade, and let it be one which is pretty sure to outlive the vagaries of fashion. Clerkship is not a trade properly so called. Thousands of clerks are in difficulties. The firm you name is a very good one; but probably they would look for a good deal of energy and quickness. A large house of business of high repute is unquestionably preferable, as the effect of having been trained in such a house is to give the apprentice a good character and enable him to get good work elsewhere if he does not remain permanently attached to his first masters' employ. We are strongly in favor of apprenticeship. It is the only good and safe "start" in life.